

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1877.

THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.



DELAWARE WHITE SULPHUR SPRING.

THE Church of Wesley has never forgotten its origin. The halls of a college witnessed its birth, and fondly to college halls it turns in the period of its strength. Immediately after its planting in America, as in England, it sought the aid of schools to train its children and youth; and, in the midst of its severest evangelistic labors, it began to found institutions of learning. Twice foiled in the East by the burning of Cokesbury College, it still looked forward to

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the permanent establishment of its own parochial schools. Though for ten years that institution was well filled with pupils, it must soon have lost its influence. The growth of the democratic sentiment, the increasing intelligence of our citizens, and the multiplication of our common-schools would have put an end to its existence under the controlling regimen no less certainly than fire and bankruptcy. It is amusing to read in the old Disciplines of the Church the

rules for its government and the reason for their enactment. They were copied after Mr. Wesley's, and were as rigid as those of the mediæval monasteries. No mortification of the flesh could be more severe than the processes to which the boys at Kingswood school in England were subjected. No time was allowed for sport. "He that plays when he is a child," says the founder, who was profoundly ignorant of boy-life, "will play when he is a man;" and the early American preachers made their school at Abingdon a second Kingswood.

But the failure of Cokesbury College was not the despair of success elsewhere. It checked for a while the educational impulse in the East; but as early as 1791, in the wilds of Kentucky, the Bethel Academy was founded and placed under the care of Rev. Francis Poythress. About the same time Rev. Hope Hull established a school for the Church in Georgia; and it was not long until other institutions sprang up elsewhere under the fostering influence of the conferences. Bishop Asbury recommended their establishment, and, in some instances, solicited subscriptions in their behalf. His plans, for which Methodism in his day was not yet ripe, have since been adopted with complete success.

In the year 1823 the first institution with collegiate powers was chartered and placed under the control of the Church. This was the Augusta College in the State of Kentucky, under the care of the Ohio and Kentucky Conferences. Within the ensuing ten years several other colleges were founded,—the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut; Madison College, succeeded by the Allegheny, in Pennsylvania; M'Kendree College in Illinois, and two or three in the Southern States. Dickinson College also soon came into possession of a Methodist corporation, and Indiana Methodism established the Indiana Asbury University at Greencastle. As Ohio had already an interest in Augusta, it lagged behind her sister States in this direction, though it was meanwhile devoting itself to the cause of education in high-schools and seminaries.

The first Methodist literary enterprise in

the State was the Norwalk Seminary. It was built by a company of citizens in that town for a school and for other purposes; but though so used for a number of years, it did not prove a success. In the year 1833 the subject of education began strongly to engage the attention of the Church authorities, and the presiding elder and preachers stationed at Norwalk thought proper to sound the directors of the academy in regard to its transfer to the Ohio Conference, whose territory then extended over the greater part of the State. The directors were favorable to the measure, and in the Fall of that year they made a proposition to the conference which was accepted. The first principal was Rev. Jonathan E. Chaplin, afterward connected with the Michigan University. He remained at Norwalk two years, when the seminary building was destroyed by fire. Measures were shortly afterwards taken to rebuild it, and in 1838, before it was finished, Dr. Edward Thomson was appointed to take charge of the school. It was to him a laborious post, for he was expected not only to teach the pupils, but to replenish the treasury, superintend the construction, and preach at least once every Sunday. Under his presidency the building was completed and furnished, and year after year it was thronged with happy, interested pupils. Dr. Thomson remained in charge until 1844, when he was elected editor of the "Ladies' Repository."

As the Norwalk Seminary was never entirely the property of the conference, and the debts incurred in its construction were continually increasing through the accumulation of interest, the patronizing conferences thought best to abandon it, and divert their attention to enterprises of their own. In the northern part of the State, at Berea, an institute was founded by John Baldwin, and placed under the control of the conference; while at Springfield a high-school was also established, both of which rendered efficient service to the cause of education.

Better things, however, were in store. In the year 1841, Rev. Adam Poe, then stationed at Delaware, addressed letters to a few of his brethren in the North Ohio Con-

ference, stating that the Sulphur Springs property at that place was for sale, and that, if encouraged, the citizens would purchase and present it to the Church for a high-school or seminary. This place had been used for a Summer resort and watering establishment, and the premises were in good condition. It contained about ten acres of ground upon which were erected a large hotel, or mansion for guests, several cottages for private boarders, a bath-house, ice-house, card-rooms, steward's offices, and janitor's quarters. To Mr. Poe's letter Dr. Thomson responded, saying that the location so central and so healthful was suitable for a college or a university, and that if the Ohio Conference would unite with the North Ohio, such an institution could be organized, endowed, and well sustained.

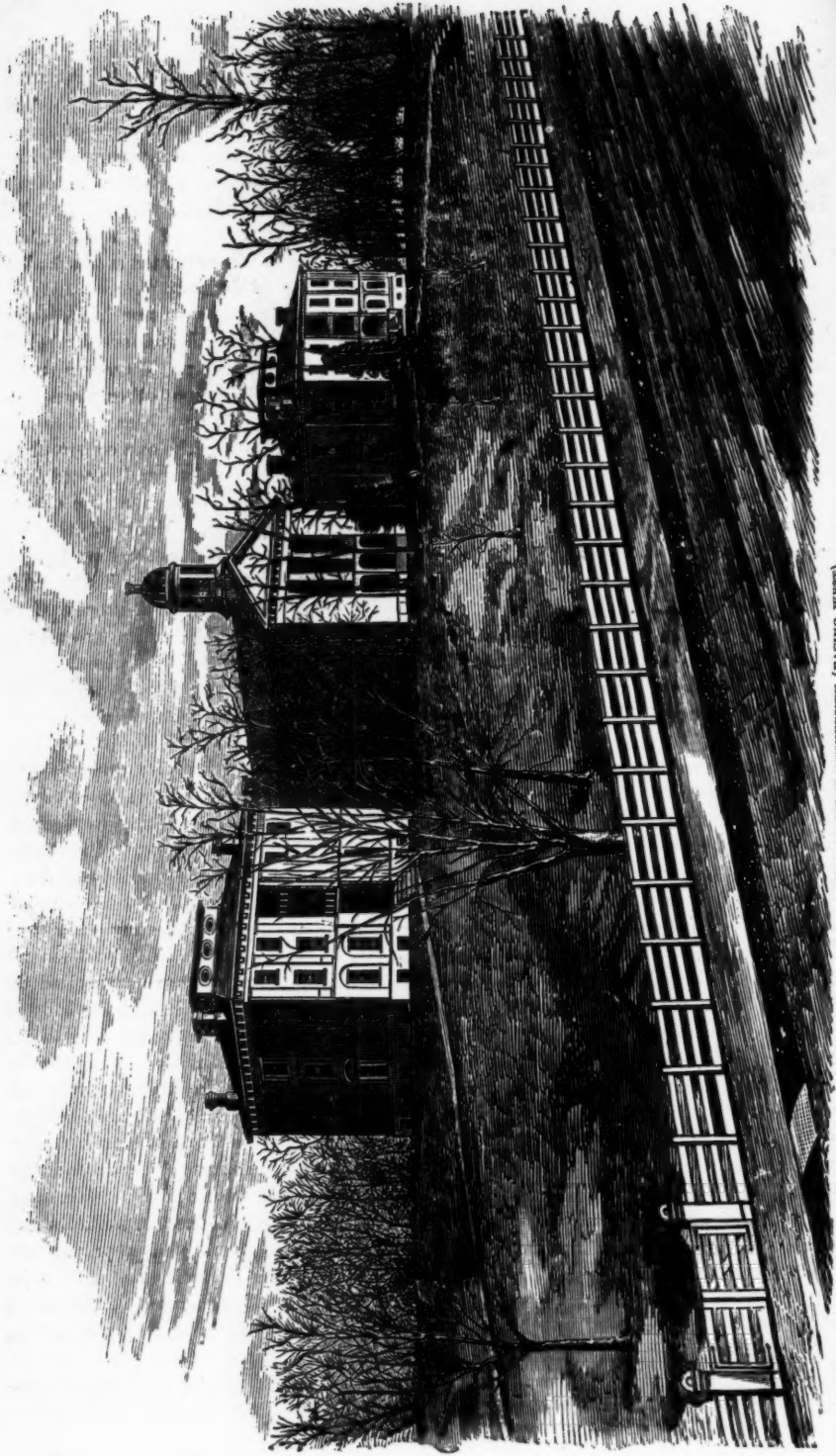
The suggestion thus happily made was well received, and the responses being generally favorable, the citizens purchased the property conditionally, and appointed a committee to confer upon the matter with the two conferences. The North Ohio Conference, which met first, acted upon the subject, and appointed commissioners to co-operate with the Ohio Conference in case the latter should agree to become a joint partner in the enterprise. At its session held in Urbana, in September; the matter was presented, and the conference took the precaution first to appoint a committee, consisting of Charles Elliott, William H. Raper, William Young, and others, to proceed at once to Delaware and examine the property. The committee accordingly visited the place, and the report which they brought back was extremely favorable. Dr. Elliott made an eloquent and enthusiastic address in its behalf, and it was adopted without dissent. Commissioners were then appointed to act with those of the other conference in making the purchase. The joint commission consisted of Jacob Young, Charles Elliott, Joseph M. Trimble, and Edmund W. Schon of the Ohio Conference, and John H. Power, Adam Poe, Edward Thomson, William S. Morrow, and James Brewster, of the North Ohio. They met at Delaware, October 13, 1841, and exchanged the necessary papers for the

transfer of the property, and contracted with the owner, Thomas W. Powell, for the purchase of an additional piece of ground adjoining, consisting of five acres, with a good dwelling-house, for the sum of five thousand five hundred dollars. The whole property thus transferred to the agents of the conferences was estimated as worth about fifteen thousand dollars.

It is neither necessary nor important to inquire whether the Church acted wisely in accepting this property. There was no asking for propositions from other places, several of which would have been glad to have such an institution as the one contemplated located in their midst, and would have given three times as much as the citizens of Delaware offered. Many of the best friends of Methodist education have thought it a mistake,—and so perhaps it was, financially,—but the history and growth of the University thus established has proved that success does not depend upon place.

In March, 1842, the Legislature of Ohio granted a charter to the Ohio Wesleyan University, fixing its seat at Delaware, and vesting the management of its concerns in a Board of twenty-one Trustees, to be elected henceforth by the patronizing conferences. Subsequently an amendment to the charter gave to the trustees the privilege of locating their law and medical schools, when organized, at Cincinnati, or any other town or city in the State; and additional amendments and general laws have authorized the other conferences in Ohio and the body of the Alumni to elect representatives to the Board of Trustees, and have also provided that their term of office shall continue only five years. The several conferences and the Alumni are now entitled to elect only five persons each as members of the corporation.

On their first meeting in October, 1842, the Board elected its necessary officers and authorized the opening of a preparatory school under the supervision of Rev. Solomon Howard. The exercises of the school began on the 1st of November, and during the first year there was an attendance of nearly a hundred scholars. Edward Thomson was made President of the Faculty to



Library.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY (FACING WEST).
Thomson Chapel.

Mansion.

be subsequently elected, but he would not embarrass the infant institution with the payment of a salary before a permanent endowment was secured, and did not accept the office until four years afterward, meanwhile serving the Church in another department of labor. When the Board met in 1843, they resolved to sell scholarships on the following basis, namely: five years' tuition for \$100; fifteen years for \$200; and in perpetuity, for \$500; but admitting only one pupil at a time. The Ohio Conference, at its session in September of the same year, appointed two of its members, Uriah Heath and Frederick Merrick, to act as agents for the sale of scholarships, and to collect funds for a balance due on the property, for the erection of an additional building, and for the endowment of the institution. During the first year they obtained in money and subscriptions near forty thousand dollars for these purposes. The next year they were continued, and the North Ohio Conference also appointed Adam Poe and Elmore Yocum agents for the University. This system of agencies has several times since been worked with great success.

On the 25th of September, 1844, the Board met at Delaware, and determined to appoint a Faculty and to open the institution with a college curriculum and college classes. Herman M. Johnson was elected Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature; Solomon Howard, Professor of Mathematics; William G. Williams, Principal of the Preparatory Department; and Enoch G. Dial, Assistant. The school was soon after commenced and the first classes organized. Of this opening, Mr. Williams just mentioned, now Professor of Greek in the University, thus writes:

"November 13, 1844, was a cold, cloudy, cheerless day. Three teachers of the five who had been appointed to positions in the faculty met in the basement of what was called the old 'Mansion House' (the only building then on the grounds), and there we proceeded to inaugurate the Ohio Wesleyan University. One of our number was detained for many weeks, and the President elect did not enter upon duty for nearly two

years subsequently. It was a dim prospect for teacher or school. When we had counted all who were in attendance, and carefully recounted, lest we might have overlooked one, we found we had enrolled *twenty-nine students!* And out of them we organized our first classes and commenced our labors. Our



EDWARD THOMSON, D. D., LL. D.

institution was, of course, unknown throughout the State, and had not yet a reputation even in our Church. We had few of the appointments necessary for a successful enterprise. There was but one building, ill suited to our purpose; we had no endowment to support even our limited Faculty; there was no library for consultation; no apparatus or cabinet for illustration; and worse than all, there was no immediate prospect that these things would be attained in our generation. And yet those three teachers, and the fourth when he arrived, went cheerily to their appointed work."

Of the discouragements which attended their labors and the small compensation, not promptly paid, which was rendered for their services (the President's salary was only eight hundred dollars, and that of the professors six hundred dollars), it is not necessary to speak. Yet they laid well the foundations upon which themselves and their successors were to build. Unpromising

as were the prospects of raising up an institution of high grade, the corporation of the University had undaunted faith in the future; for in 1845 the Rev. Frederick Merri-
 rick was added to the corps of instructors as Professor of Natural Sciences, and the Rev. Lorenzo D. McCabe was elected Professor of Mathematics in place of Solomon Howard, resigned; and in the Spring of the next year Dr. Thomson assumed his place in the Faculty as President.

From the first, the institution was straitened for room. In the old Mansion the parlors and drawing-rooms were used for the Professors' studies and recitations; the large refectory on the basement-floor was converted into a Chapel, where morning and evening prayers were offered, and the preparatory classes recited. Here, too, on Sunday afternoons were delivered many of those lectures which became a prominent feature in the College administration, and gave to the President a reputation for eloquence outside of his own Church. The kitchen, with its huge fire-place and brick oven, was used by the Professor of Natural Sciences for his laboratory and lectures; the bar-room at first used by the steward appointed by the Trustees, for his boarders, was afterward given to one of the Societies for a hall. A few of the upper rooms were used for sleeping apartments by the students who boarded at the steward's table, and by one or two of the members of the Faculty as their private residences. In the rear of the building were long and wide porches, and on the south a two-story wing, which was occupied by the steward's family. On the repair of the building, which was of frame, lathed and cemented on the outside, these attachments were removed.

As there was not room enough in the several buildings to accommodate a large number of permanent guests, many of the students who came to attend the institution were compelled to seek rooms and boarding in the village. The expenses of living were moderate—for long, not to exceed one dollar and fifty cents a week—and a few families found it profitable, even at this rate, to take boarders. Several of the young men of

more moderate means rented rooms in the cottages on the college grounds, and initiated the system of self-boarding. This separation of the students, and scattering the members of the same classes to points distant from each other, has served to prevent many of the college pranks so common where a large body of students board together. The wisdom gained by this necessity has been seen in all the subsequent history of the University, and the trustees have never desired the erection of a boarding-hall on the College grounds. They have, however, a few rooms for self-boarders in a building erected near the east line of the premises, called "Morris Hall;" but it is an architectural abortion, though perhaps a necessity. The placing of the students in families is an advantage on both sides. It attaches the citizens to the institution, and gives the young men and boys the benefits of home and social intercourse with older persons, besides throwing them into the company of the other sex.

The writer well remembers his first entrance at college. There was at that time no railroad within eighty miles of Delaware. From Columbus there was only a clay road, which, at the best, required the mail coaches more than half a day to traverse. In the depth of Winter, when he first passed over it, the regular stages could not run, and there was fitted up a road-wagon with a canvas cover to carry passengers and the mail. Leaving Columbus at eight o'clock in the morning, the coach did not arrive at Delaware till six o'clock in the evening—two hours after night-fall. The rain fell incessantly. Through slush and mud to the hubs wearily rolled the wheels; now making a sudden lurch to the left, then tilting to the right, swinging incessantly back and forth along the uneven ruts for twenty-five miles of the course, it at last landed its passengers in the mist and fog and darkness at the University steps. Almost the first sense greeted upon arrival was that of smell. What peculiar odor, as of spoiled eggs half-cooked, invades the nostrils? A friend explains that it is the "Sulphur Spring." It was not at all delightful, certainly; and yet

on further acquaintance not only is the smell endurable, but the water itself most palatable.

With the return of day we take our bearings. The College grounds lie to the south of the village, separated from it by a small creek. The Mansion stands on the summit of a ridge, at the base of which gushes out a large spring of white sulphur water, on account of which the building had been erected. From the College to the town, along Sandusky street, a wide avenue of a hundred feet, there were no paved walks, nor was there any gravel or broken stone in the roadway. A rude wooden bridge spanned the creek, and that seemed to be the only artifice of man for the accommodation of teams or foot passengers. For several years the Winter walks to and from the College were made by the students themselves, who purchased tan-bark and spread it along the paths. This, though not very substantial, served to keep the feet out of the ankle-deep mud, and in fairer weather was smooth and elastic.

To the east of the town flows the Olen-tangy River, a pretty little stream, skirted in places by high shale banks, and shaded by immense elms, walnuts, and willows. So sparsely peopled was the country immediately surrounding South Delaware, that the earlier students were accustomed to bathe in its waters where now the railroad bridge is constructed across it, just on the edge of town. Nor was there danger of being seen or interrupted in their sport by passers-by. On the hill-slopes beyond were large farms; along the river road lay orchards, meadows, and cornfields, the fence corners overgrown with blackberry briars and hazel-bushes, and the banks screened with trees and shrubbery. About a mile down stream stand what are called the "Copperas Banks"—then a wild and romantic dell, through which a rivulet flows, "crowned with inclosure green."

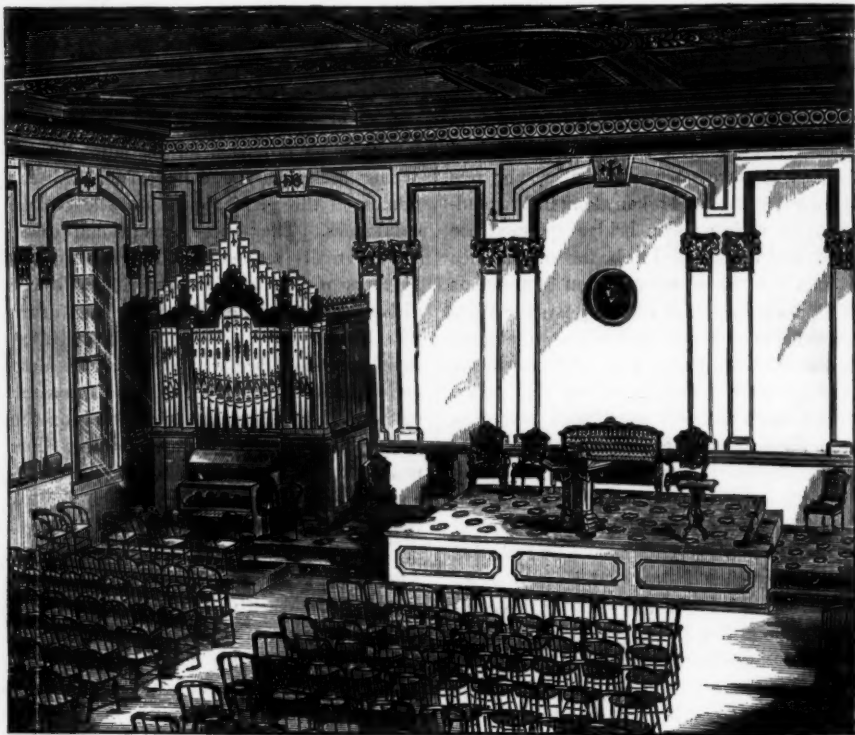
Attracted by the advantages offered for education, hither at once came several families to reside during the pupilage of their children. Among the number was Mrs. Maria Webb, a widowed mother, from Chillicothe, Ohio, with her two sons and a daughter. Finding a cottage on the college grounds, which had

formerly been used for card-tables and billiards, she rented it, and at very little cost had it fitted up for her occupancy. Many a pleasant hour the writer, when a student, spent under its roof. The boys were his class-mates; and their sister Lucy, then in the midst of her teens, was pursuing her studies with her brothers, and, with the steward's daughter and one or two girls from the town, recited in some of the college classes, along with the young men. There was then no provision for the admission of young ladies at the college, nor did the names of the girls appear on the college catalogues. They were exceptional cases, though really students, and were thus the pioneers of that brilliant coterie of "sweet girl-graduates," which it is hoped the future will bring, now that the barriers against their admission are removed, to the same halls with their brothers, to tread the same paths of instruction, and to triumph on the same platforms of honor and reward. For nearly two years Miss Webb studied and recited at the University, and in the Fall of 1847 went to Cincinnati, where she finished her course at the Wesleyan Female College. After their graduation her brothers studied professions, and with their mother and sister came to Cincinnati to reside. Here she became acquainted with a prominent young lawyer, whose heart and hand she won by exchanging her own, and in due time she became Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, now the mistress of the nation's White House at Washington.

By an arrangement of the Faculty, students instituted elsewhere are allowed to present themselves for examination, and if found worthy, are recommended to the trustees for graduation. Thus the first regular graduate, Jared O. Church, afterwards a prominent teacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was never a resident student, but having received most of his training at Augusta College, was recommended by Professor Johnson, whose pupil he had been. Passing the required examination satisfactorily, he was admitted to a degree. Since the first year this privilege has seldom been availed of.

As the University became known to the public, the number of its students continued to increase as well as its wants. The Chapel overflowed; new apparatus was required; the few books for the library which had been

The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday morning, July 26, 1851, during commencement week. The weather was pleasant, and the audience gathered around the steps of the college edi-



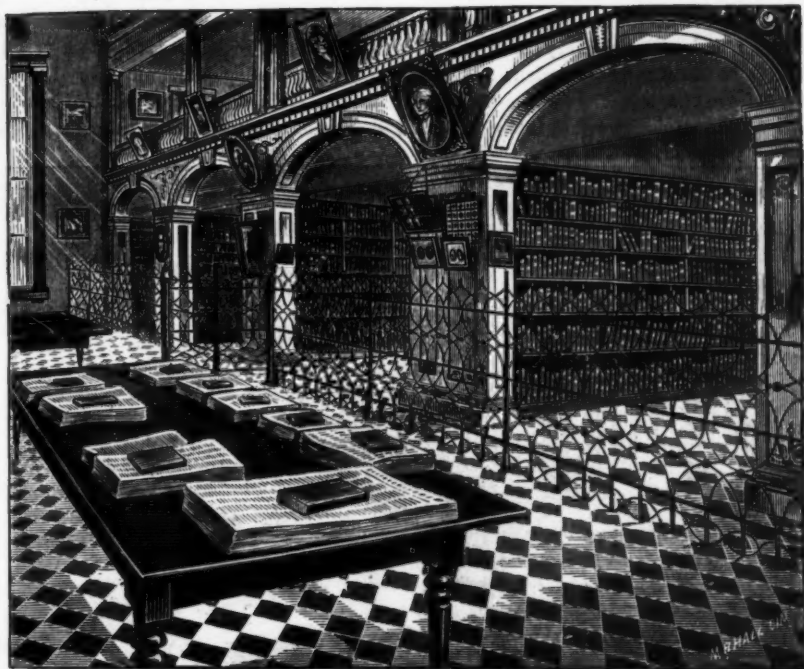
THOMSON CHAPEL—INTERIOR VIEW.

given through the solicitation of the agents were mostly old and worthless; but the greatest need was a larger room for religious services. "One day," writes Professor Merri-
 rick, "as the President read at morning prayers the first chapter of Haggai, the Lord touched his heart, and a few minutes after he came to my room deeply moved, with a written proposition to sell the 'ceiled house' in which he had dwelt [in Cincinnati] to aid in erecting a suitable chapel for the use of the University. This property was estimated at about *one thousand dollars*. Thus armed I went out, and sixteen thousand dollars warranted us in laying the foundation of what is now known as Thomson Chapel."

fice, where a desk had been erected and seats placed for the accommodation of the ladies. After prayer and a brief lecture on the uses of collegiate education by the President, the assembly formed a circle around the corner of the new chapel. The head-stone was then placed in position by James B. Finley, the venerable Jacob Young making the offertory prayer, and H. E. Pilcher pronouncing the benediction. Just previous to the benediction, Mr. Finley asked leave to express a *sentiment*, which he announced in these words, "As the buffalo and the deer and the elk gathered together from all the surrounding country to drink of the waters of your beautiful Sulphur Spring, so may the youth of

our land assemble in these halls to drink of the purer waters of religion." The Chapel was finished at a cost of twenty-two thousand dollars, and dedicated the next year; and with the exception of a brief term dur-

try; but at the Professor's suggestion he authorized a portion of the amount to be spent in procuring suitable books for the department of theology. Learning the need of the University, and favoring the cause of relig-



STURGES LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

ing which it was necessarily used for the reception and display of the museum and cabinets, has been occupied ever since according to the wish of the "old chief." The structure is of brick, three stories in height, including the basement, Doric in style, and measures eighty-eight feet by fifty-five. The main audience-room is twenty-three feet high, and covers the entire upper floor.

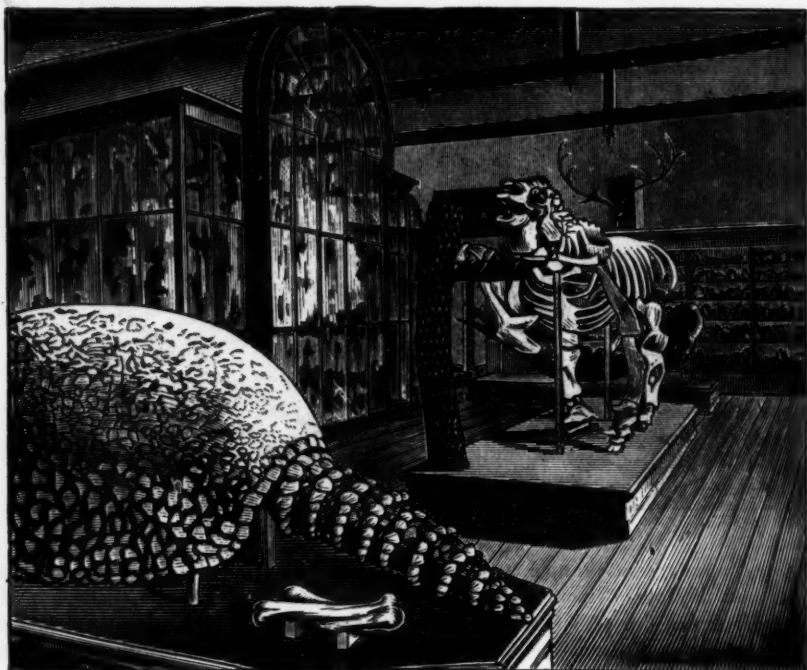
In 1854, a gentleman belonging to another branch of the Church, William Sturges, of the firm of Ellis and Sturges, New York, and resident in Putnam, Ohio, made an offer of ten thousand dollars for the purchase of a library, on condition that a suitable building should be erected to contain it. He had for some time allowed Professor Merrick to draw on him for five hundred dollars a year to aid in preparing young men for the minis-

trious education, he made the offer just named; and in order to meet the conditions, the Professor was again sent into the field as an agent, and in two months' time had a subscription of sixteen thousand dollars for the erection of the building.

The same year President Thomson visited England and France to purchase books, and the building for holding them was commenced. In a year's time it was ready for use, with several large halls for the literary societies, and galleries above the alcoves either for the display of paintings or for books. Valuable additions to the library have since been made. A large number of rare and important books, given by Charles Elliott, have been placed on the shelves, and two of the trustees, Joseph M. Trimble, D. D., and William A. Ingham, have each under-

taken to fill an alcove. Here, too, is the beginning of a rich collection of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, relating to Methodism and Methodist Church history, the property of the "Ohio Methodist Historical Society," and the gift of the late Samuel Williams, of Cincinnati. It is the desire of the society to collect and preserve every thing that is of value to the Church historian; and contributions to this object are earnestly solicited. If our ministers would interest them-

the genuine enthusiasm of a young man he devoted himself to science and scientific pursuits, and, at great expense, gathered together a very large and fine assortment of fossils and minerals to illustrate the physical history of the earth. Soon after, Dr. William Prescott, of Concord, New Hampshire, offered to the University on very liberal terms his splendid museum of natural history, embracing many hundred mounted specimens of stuffed birds, animals, reptiles,



MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

selves in the matter, historical narratives, autograph letters or diaries, and Church records might now be collected that would be of untold account hereafter.

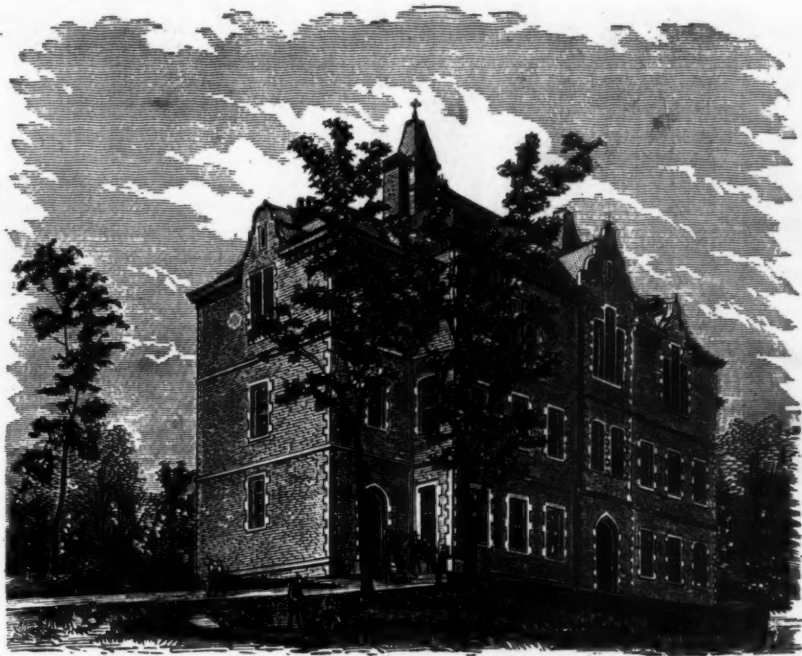
About the time of Mr. Sturges's donation the late Dr. R. P. Mann, of Milford Center, began placing valuable geological specimens in the cabinet which now bears his name. The Doctor may be cited as an example of unflinching industry and study in late life. He had previously very little acquaintance with geology, and did not begin to collect his specimens until advanced age. With

fishes, shells, etc. Through the liberality of a few friends of the institution, funds were contributed for its purchase, and the treasure secured. William Wood, of Cincinnati, added Ward's celebrated casts of extinct fauna, some of which may be seen in our engraving; and Rev. C. H. Warren furnished specimens of all the native woods and grasses of the State. Numerous additions have since been made, so that it is now the richest museum and cabinet of natural history in the West; and the apparatus for chemistry has also been largely supplied.

mented, and contains every thing necessary for qualitative and quantitative analysis, for determinative mineralogy, and for other delicate experiments.

When these various collections were brought together there was no room in the University large enough to display them for use. On consultation it was deemed advisable by the trustees to vacate the Chapel, and use the audience-room for the museum, placing the illustrative cabinets in cases and

purposes, which the Chapel never could be, two of our citizens, Phineas P. Mast, of Springfield, and Judge D. J. Corey, of Findlay, contributed each ten thousand dollars. Others gave smaller sums, and the Trustees, in 1874, erected "Merrick Hall,"—a structure for academical uses unsurpassed in the State. It is built of the beautiful blue limestone quarried in the vicinity of the University, and presents an imposing appearance. As the chapel could now be again



MERRICK HALL.

shelves. The institution thus deprived of its Chapel, first secured for its religious services the principal church in town, and then used two of the college lecture-rooms. It was the intention of the trustees to proceed at once with the erection of a new chapel, plans of which were drawn and approved; but the war came on, funds could not be obtained, and they were compelled to defer the project. In process of time it was found very inconvenient to have the cabinet and museum in one building, and the lecture-rooms in another. To remedy this difficulty and to provide a suitable building for both

occupied for its original purpose, the ladies of Delaware undertook to refit it. It was seated with chairs, carpeted, painted in distemper, shaded with stained glass windows, and provided with a pipe organ. Thus furnished, it is daily resonant with the songs of Zion and the prayers of sincere worship.

From the success achieved by the University, Delaware was early recognized as a good educational center, and one or two seminaries for the training of girls were here established. These being private institutions commanded but little patronage outside of the town; but parents who had sons to edu-



OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

cate desired likewise a school for their daughters. Accordingly the friends of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Delaware took the necessary steps to secure an incorporation, and associated themselves together with the intention, first, to maintain a school of high grade for the education of young women; second, to procure grounds and put up the necessary buildings; and third, to effect a union of their institution with the University whenever the patronizing conferences and the Trustees should agree thereto. In 1853 the institution was incorporated, and a piece of property belonging to the late William Little, on the west side of the town, containing about seven acres, now increased to ten, with dwelling-house and other buildings was purchased, and the same year the school was opened. The col-

lege thus founded was named the "Ohio Wesleyan Female College," and was placed under the patronage of the North Ohio Conference,—the Ohio and Central Ohio Conferences subsequently uniting with it in its support and control. Immediately it was filled with pupils, and has maintained a reputable standing among schools from that day to this.

When the premises became too contracted for the accommodation of its scholars and it was found necessary to erect new buildings, one of its former pupils, Miss Mary Monnett (now Mrs. Bain) gave the trustees ten thousand dollars for that purpose. The edifice was finished about the year 1861, and named from the donor, "Monnett Hall." It is a model in style and adaptation for college purposes. It contains a chapel, two

society halls, a laboratory, library rooms, studio, dining-saloon, and dormitories for about one hundred pupils. The entire building is heated by steam, lighted with gas, and is well-furnished. It has the foundation for a library, a sufficient assortment of chemical and philosophical apparatus, and a cabinet. Near the College are several sulphur and chalybeate springs, and the grounds are adorned with a natural grove, and with ornamental trees and shrubbery. Some efforts have been made to unite the two institutions, but the plans are not yet consummated.

The sum realized by the first sale of scholarships proved utterly inadequate as an endowment, and after much deliberation and with many misgivings of ultimate success, the Trustees determined to offer new scholarships for tuition on the following terms: Three years for fifteen dollars, four years for twenty dollars, six years for twenty-five dollars, and eight years for thirty dollars. The plan succeeded beyond expectation, and the fruit of the effort was about thirty thousand dollars. But time and experience have shown that a University can not be endowed by small sums paid at uncertain times and liable to be lost through the death, failure, or removal of the subscribers. The entire fund of the institution in 1852 amounted to less than \$90,000, of which \$60,000 had been realized from scholarships, \$10,000 in subscriptions to a professorship of theology, and \$18,000 from the sale of lands donated by Jedidiah Allen, of Fairfield County. To meet the increasing expenses of the University, John R. Wright, of Cincinnati, one of its alumni, endowed the chair of Greek by a gift of \$20,000, naming it for his father, the venerable J. F. Wright, D. D., of the Cincinnati Conference. His example was followed by Mrs. Eliza Chrisman, of London, Ohio, who endowed the chair of Biblical literature, and by the late Thomas Parrott, of Dayton, who endowed the chair of mathematics, each contributing the same amount. The Alumni have in like manner endowed the chair of natural history; and these sums together with other payments, have increased the permanent fund of the Univers-

ity to about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

More is needed. A successful university can not be sustained on pittance. Though the law and medical colleges may never be organized, though State's-economy may never be taught, though agriculture and technology may have no department, there is still a wide field of science, art, theology, criticism, philosophy, language, and history, embracing much more than the *quadrivium* and *trivium* of the Mediæval schools, which must have its professors, and they must be paid. It is not great buildings, a splendid apparatus, a large library, an unrivalled museum, or matchless appointments, that make a great university,—it is the men who represent it; and the Church needs never be ashamed of those whom, through her agents, she has called to fill chairs in the Ohio Wesleyan University.

President Thomson was emphatically a teacher, whether in the lecture-room or in the pulpit. His instructions were clear, his thoughts concise, and his style irradiated by his own unflinching and indefectible genius. In his classes his explanations of difficult points were apt and simple. With his elucidations the abstruse problems of metaphysics became easy to solve and understand. Nor was he wanting in those qualities which can inspire as well as inform. Under his training pupils learned to love knowledge, not only for its own sake but for his. In his office as President he had a wealth of tact and executive ability rarely excelled, and certainly not in his own Church. He so conducted the University as no other Methodist institution was ever before managed, and as few secular ones. His influence over the students was wonderful. A thoroughly religious spirit mingled in all he said and did; and in the revivals of religion which have been so marked a feature of the University history, he always bore, during his connection with it, a leading part. We have always regretted that he did not remain President; but the Church called him to assume other duties, and he did not feel at liberty to refuse. Though he will long be remembered as editor and as bishop, he will

longer be known as an instructor of the young; and none will pronounce his name with greater affection than those who were once his pupils.

The older students will recollect the thoughtful face and scholastic habits of the first Professor of Ancient Languages, Herman M. Johnson. Critical, exact, lucid in his teachings, despising shams and honoring genuine, downright, hard study, he made his department not a play-house but a workshop. His scholarship was ripe and good, and his acquaintance with literature extensive. His mind was thoroughly logical, his ideas close and consecutive, his illustrations pertinent and conclusive. Though possessing a ready wit and cultivated taste, his style would not be considered elegant. It was often curt and crabbed; but what it lacked in richness of diction it made up in point. In the pulpit and on the platform his sermons and lectures were full of instruction, and so illumined with light as not easily to be forgotten. In personal intercourse, Professor Johnson was a genial associate, and his conversations were always sensible, pleasing, and "seasoned with salt." His manner was retiring, but his influence over others was none the less effective. He impressed his pupils with reverence, and none who deserved the name of student ever left his recitation-room without profit. He resigned in 1850 to accept the chair of Philosophy in Dickinson College, and was succeeded by W. G. Williams, first principal of the Grammar-school.

The reputation, as an instructor, of Solomon Howard, the first Professor of Mathematics, was made elsewhere, and after severing his connection with the University. He remained long enough to approve himself before the Church as an earnest, devoted teacher; a man of one work, and an able administrator. He was quick-tempered but never severe; his address was pleasing, his speech sufficiently fluent, his sermons thoughtful, and his general scholarship good. In his other fields of labor he won for himself a high reputation as an instructor, and

his memory is still fragrant among those who knew him.

Frederick Merrick has long served the Church faithfully and well. His first connection with the University was as one of its agents, and no man has been more suc-



EX-PRESIDENT FREDERICK MERRICK.

cessful in securing funds for its endowment. In 1845 he was elected its first Professor of Natural Sciences, and, until President Thomson took his place in the Faculty, acted as its President. The funds of the institution were too scant to purchase the necessary apparatus to illustrate his lectures, but he obtained an imperfect set consisting of a few retorts and jars, a magnetic battery, electrical machine, furnace, etc., and with these he performed the experiments required. Of cabinet he had nothing; his only museum of natural history was nature itself,—all out of doors. But he commanded success, as he deserved it; and when, in 1852, he was transferred to the Chair of Biblical Literature and Moral Philosophy, his department was left to his successor well supplied with material and apparatus. Upon the resignation of Dr. Thomson to accept the editorship of the "Christian Advocate and Journal," to which he had been elected by the General Conference of 1860, Professor Merrick was made President of the University. This

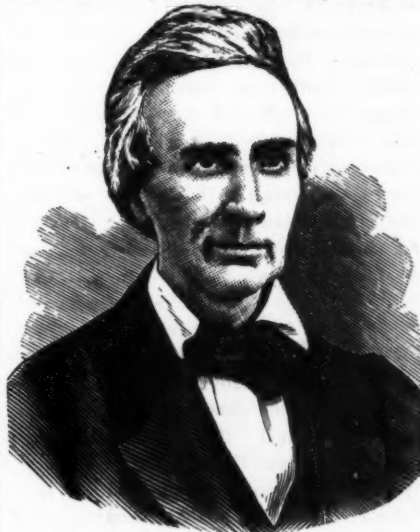
position he held until failing and continued ill health compelled him in the year 1873 to resign. But his connection with the University has not been severed. He remains in the Faculty as lecturer in the department of Natural and Revealed religion.

Professor Merrick—he will not allow himself to be styled Doctor, though the degrees of D. D. and LL. D. have both been conferred upon him—has been one of the most efficient workers of the Church in the cause of education. His college training was at the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, under the Presidency of that eminent teacher, Dr. Fisk, of precious memory. He has since devoted his life to teaching, though acting for a time as regular pastor. From the principalship of one of our Church Seminaries in the East he came West to take the Chair of Natural Sciences in the Ohio University at Athens. In his present field of labor he has been foremost in every good work. The first students were summoned to prayers and recitations by a large dinner-bell rung by the janitor on the college steps. It could be heard over the college premises, but not in the town. As watches varied, the students were not alike prompt in their attendance, and a more effective method of calling them was needed. At his own cost the Professor purchased and placed on the roof of the old Mansion a clear-toned church-bell, whose sound could be heard three miles away. He planted the college yard with additional trees, paved with flags the inclosure about the spring, directed in the removal of the old cottages and other unsightly buildings from the University premises, acted as a member of the Building Committee, secured the purchase of additional grounds, until there are now over thirty acres in the plat, and has for years superintended its financial interests. He is a good speaker, earnest and forcible in manner, a constant friend, a sage counselor, a devoted and modest Christian, and a faithful and conscientious administrator of discipline. The Doctor—he will pardon us for so calling him—is fond of young society, and has always welcomed students who called on him to his home. Not blessed with children of his own, he has generously

helped poor students in paying their personal expenses, and has gathered about him several of his near kindred; and no happier household can be found. Long may he be spared in bodily health to enjoy the fruit of his labors,

"And all that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

On the resignation of President Merrick, the Trustees elected Rev. Fales H. Newhall, D. D., of Massachusetts, to the position; but before he could take his seat his health utterly broke down, and he was finally compelled to decline. Meanwhile Dr. M'Cabe, who had been transferred from the department of Mathematics to that of Biblical Literature and Philosophy, served as President. In his acting Presidency the Doctor acquitted himself worthily, and many of his friends would have been glad to see him promoted to that place. His hearty sympathies, his complaisant manner, his fervent religious spirit, and his long connection with the institution, were in his favor. But the stimulus of fresher blood was needed, and the



PROFESSOR LORENZO D. M'CABE, D. D., LL. D.

trustees acted wisely in not taking hasty action. After long casting about and consulting in regard to the matter, Rev. Charles H. Payne, D. D., Pastor of St. Paul's church, Cincinnati, was called to fill the chair. He

comes in the prime of his manhood, with a high reputation for eloquence, administrative ability, and general scholarship. His inaugural address at the Commencement of the University last year, on his being inducted into office, won for him the hearts of his friends and the encomiums of the public. He is an alumnus of the Wesleyan University, and has been in the regular pastorate since 1857. In all the Churches which he has served he has been blessed with the divine presence, and in his last charge at Cincinnati there had been no such revival of religion for years as during his term. He has been at Delaware but a few months, but the Methodist public already feel assured that under his presidency there will be no backward steps in the history of the University.

Of the other members of the Faculty who have held or now hold chairs in the institution, we can give only the names: William L. Harris, D. D., now Bishop, was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in 1852, and resigned in 1860, when first elected Missionary Secretary. Francis S. Hoyt, D. D., who succeeded him in the same department, was in 1865 transferred to the Chrisman Professorship of Theology and Biblical Literature, which he resigned on being elected editor of the "Western Christian Advocate," in 1872. The duties of his chair were then temporarily assigned to William G. Williams, LL. D., Professor of Greek. Dr. Williams is a devoted student, a successful teacher, an accomplished lecturer, and an instructive preacher. William D. Godman, D. D., now of the New Orleans University, was, in 1860, elected Professor of Mathematics, and in 1864 transferred to the chair which Dr. Hoyt last held. He remained only one year in the department, and then resigned. Besides those mentioned as members of the Faculty, Rev. William F. Whitlock now has the chair of Latin; Rev. John P. Lacroix, of Modern Languages and History; Rev. Hiram M. Perkins, of Mathematics and Astronomy; William O. Semans, of Chemistry and Physics; and Edward T. Nelson, of Natural History.

Both among the Faculty and the students, the religious element has always been in the

ascendancy. From the first day of the College history, prayer-meetings and other religious services have been conducted by the students, and their spiritual existence and growth have been greatly fostered within its halls. Not a single season has passed by without witnessing the effects of renewing grace. Many have here dated the beginning of their new life. To many has here come the divine summons to preach. At times, so widely extended have been the quickening and developing influences of the Holy Spirit that only a very few of the whole number who were not already followers of Christ did not become professing believers. In one of the College literary societies, when the writer was a student, every member belonged to some branch of the Christian Church.

Upon the missionary work of the Church the "Allen Missionary Lyceum," so named from an early patron of the University, has had no small influence. Through the interest excited by its meetings and public anniversaries, the minds of many of its members have been turned to the condition and wants of the heathen world, and to heathen countries as a field for missionary enterprise. The Church now enrolls among its foreign missionaries a greater number of graduates from the Ohio Wesleyan University than from any other college in this country; and more of the alumni have offered themselves for this work than the Missionary Society has been able to send. One, at least, we believe, has gone at his own cost.

In 1846 the number of students was one hundred and sixty-two; in 1851, when the new scholarship system went into operation, the number was five hundred and six; and from that time to the breaking out of the war the students numbered annually over five hundred. For the last ten years the average attendance has been about three hundred and fifty. The number of graduates is six hundred and fifty-two, being an average of about twenty-one to each class receiving degrees from the institution. Of these, nearly one-third are in the ministry, one-fourth are at the bar or on the bench, several are members of the press, others are

practicing the healing art; while not a few are presidents or professors in colleges, seminaries, and high-schools. But this reckoning of the influence which the University is exerting on society is incomplete. Without going out of the State, it is safe to say that two hundred of the pupils who belonged to the institution are now preaching the Gospel in the pulpits of our Church. Numbers have been legislators, officers under the State and National governments, and representatives of the country at foreign courts, besides authors and inventors whose reputation is not confined within State lines.

The courses of study embrace a full college curriculum, and special departments in Science and Theology. It has not been deemed advisable to open schools of medicine and law, but there is a course of instruction designed for those who propose to enter the ministry, which, by the system of elective studies, is nearly as full as that pursued in the regular theological schools. Those who propose to enter upon professional pursuits usually take the entire course, while many who intend to follow manufacturing or mercantile callings take the Scientific studies only. Of the regular alumni, more in later years than formerly are devoting themselves to business, and are bringing trained minds and cultivated hearts into the active pursuits of life. It is upon such men that the financial hopes of the Church and the world are to rely.

The country about Delaware is picturesque and easy of access. There are three railroads in operation which make this a stopping place for all their trains, and the car-factories and machine-shops of one are located in East Delaware. Most of the carriage-roads leading out of town are now turnpiked and kept in good repair, and the streets well paved and lighted with gas. The community is intelligent and enterprising, and consists of about six thousand souls. They support three newspapers and thirteen Churches, of which six are Methodist, including one African; the remainder are divided among the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Lutheran, Baptist, Reformed, Welsh Congregationalist, and Roman Catholic denominations. The public-

schools are of high grade, and are well conducted. Business seems to be prosperous, and several large manufactories are here located.



PRESIDENT CHARLES H. PAYNE, D. D., LL.D.

The grounds of the University are handsomely diversified, consisting mostly of rolling ground, with alluvial soil and a portion of second bottom, its hill summit commanding a wide-reaching view of the town and adjoining territory. The principal buildings, situated on an eminence, are seen from all the railroads and carriage routes passing through the town. These grounds have been partially laid out and improved under the direction of a landscape engineer, through the munificence of J. R. Wright and P. P. Mast; and J. H. Creighton of the Ohio Conference has begun an extensive arboretum, in which he proposes to plant every species of tree, shrub, and vine which will grow in this latitude under open skies. He has already set out several hundred specimens.

Though the future stability and progress of the University are scarcely yet assured, the financial outlook is good. The work of endowment is progressing hopefully, even in these times of monetary depression and failure. Each of the patronizing conferences has undertaken to endow a professorship, and two of them have nearly completed the work. Joseph M. Trimble, D. D., of the

Ohio Conference, and W. L. Ripley, of Columbus, have secured to the trustees, the one \$12,000 and the other \$13,000, to be paid at their death. John Taylor, of Zanesville, recently deceased, has left a large property, the proceeds of which, after one life, are to be used in aiding indigent students. John Pfaff, of Cincinnati, has donated valuable land near the city, and Mrs. Rebecca Brown, of Bellefontaine, has given an excellent farm estimated at \$12,000. As these sums are not at present available, and as the necessities of a large university are vast, there is urgent demand for immediate liberality on the part of the Church.

With conflicting ideas, arising from di-

verse interests or sectional jealousies, Ohio Methodism has established two other Colleges of its own besides the University at Delaware—one near Cleveland, whose patronage comes largely from the Western Reserve, and another in Eastern Ohio. Too much money has been invested, and too many scholars attend their classes for the patronizing conferences to abandon these enterprises; but it would be a shame in the sight of God and of men, should the scoffer ever have it to point at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and utter the sneer against the Church that was made against the projector in the parable: "This man began to build and was not able to finish!"

THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS.

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,

The white Presidio:

The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,

The priest in stole of snow.

—BRET HARTE.

SIGHT SEERS in California go to Yosemite Valley, the Geysers, and the Big-tree Groves, and sometimes to some of the beautiful lakes that lie among the ranges of the Nevadas. By and by they will turn their attention to ruins or remains of the old Spanish Missions that are scattered all along the coast, and somewhat in the interior, from San Francisco to San Diego. These historic ruins, seen through the haze of the semi-tropical atmosphere, itself laden with the odors of orange blossoms, and bathed in the soft sunshine that seems to belong to some other than our rough world, present a strangely fascinating scene.

From 1769 to 1830 the missionaries were the sole masters in all California, alike in things spiritual and temporal. There were twenty-one missions established at different times, the most southern at San Diego, in 1769, and the northernmost at San Francisco, in 1820, and the aggregate area of their landed possessions amounted to no less than twenty thousand square miles of the utmost productiveness of soil and geniality of climate. They were amply provided with all

things necessary for the establishment and maintenance of their missions, and the government was lavish of land grants; so that with all these advantages they soon became rich in herds and flocks, and buildings and gardens and orchards and fields, with the prospect of almost unlimited wealth in the not remote future. But the revolution in Mexico cast a cloud over this bright prospect, and even at that time it was already apparent that as missions these institutions had pretty effectually run out.

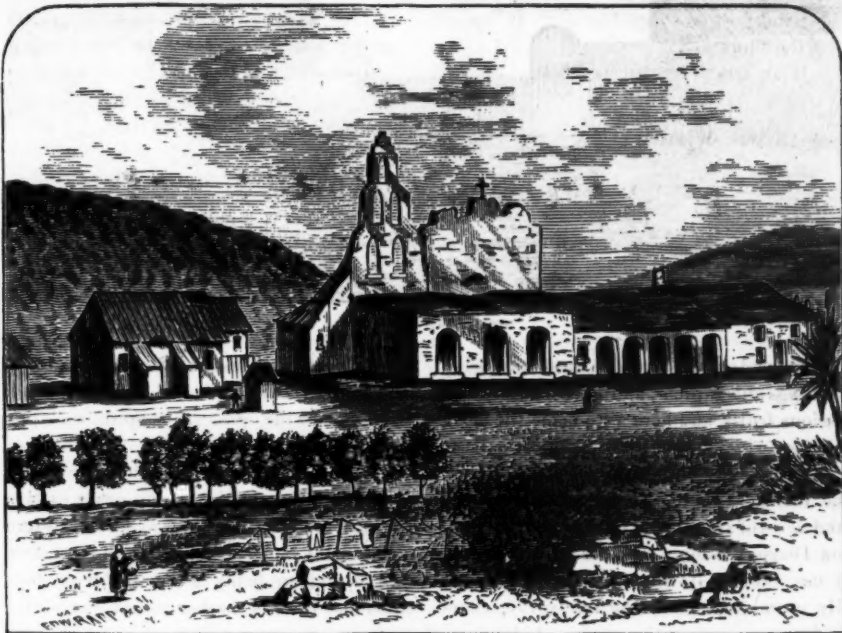
The Padres grew rich in their new possessions, and came to care much more for their possessions than for the education of the Indians, or even their nominal conversion to Christianity. They lived in easy affluence, devoting their time to business or pleasure, and beyond the morning and evening prayers very little attention was paid to matters spiritual. Building, planting, herding, and trading were the engrossing occupations. They cultivated the fig, the olive, the lemon, and the vine, and they shared in all the luxuries of their fertile soil and genial climate. The hard labor was done by the Indians,

who were probably the better for doing it, while the Padres planned and superintended, and were the owners of all.

The plan of a mission's premises was very simple. The buildings usually occupied three sides of a quadrangle, with the church in the middle, upon which the greatest amount of labor and ornamentation were bestowed. The houses of the priests were always adjoining, or close to the church, and behind them were the workshops and store-houses. The main buildings were of adobe,

geous colored blossoms as are born only under sunny skies.

As late as 1831 there were over eighteen thousand Indians domesticated at these missions, while their cattle, horses, and sheep multiplied rapidly on the broad plains and fertile valleys, that had come to be overgrown with the nutritious wild clover and grasses. The whole southern portion of California bears evidences of this mission labor, and many years must elapse before the traces of that effective though faulty system will

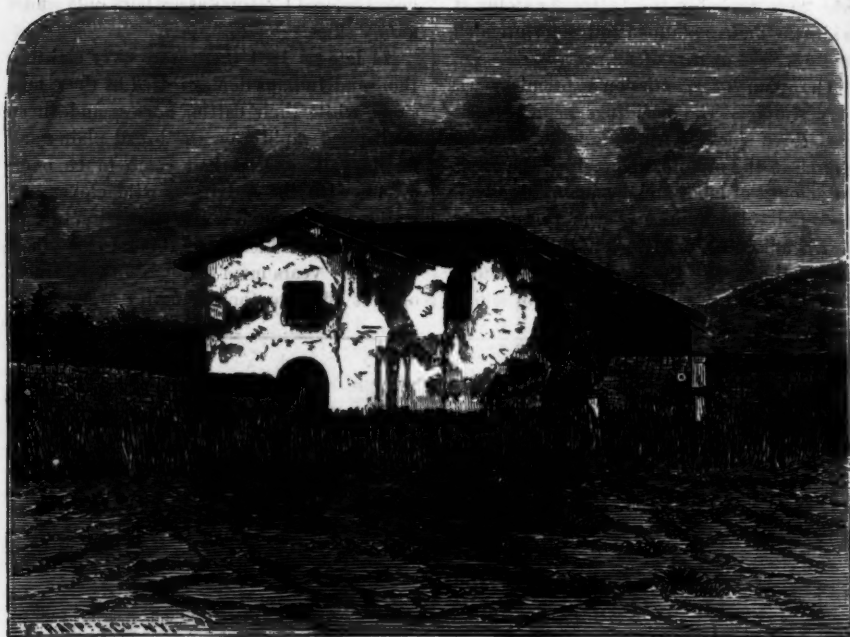


MISSION PREMISES OF SAN DIEGO.

made into shapely blocks as large as a man could readily handle, and the roofing was of burnt tiles. The quarters occupied by the natives were situated some distance from the main buildings, and were constructed of rough adobes and rudely covered with brush and dirt. The pride and beauty of the Missions were the gardens, in whose ornamentation great care was evidently taken. There were delightful yards and walks paved with such material as could be found in the locality, while the generous soil gave rapid growth to the choice fruits, and such gor-

be obliterated. The remnants of half-civilized native bands, whose aboriginal blood has become largely mingled with that of Spain and Mexico, are living and indolent witnesses of that important and historical period.

The first mission was established at San Diego, one of the safest and best harbors in California, and in a climate scarcely equaled in all the world. The Fathers devoted more architectural skill to this mission than to any other, for it was the headquarters of the entire system. Here the largest church was

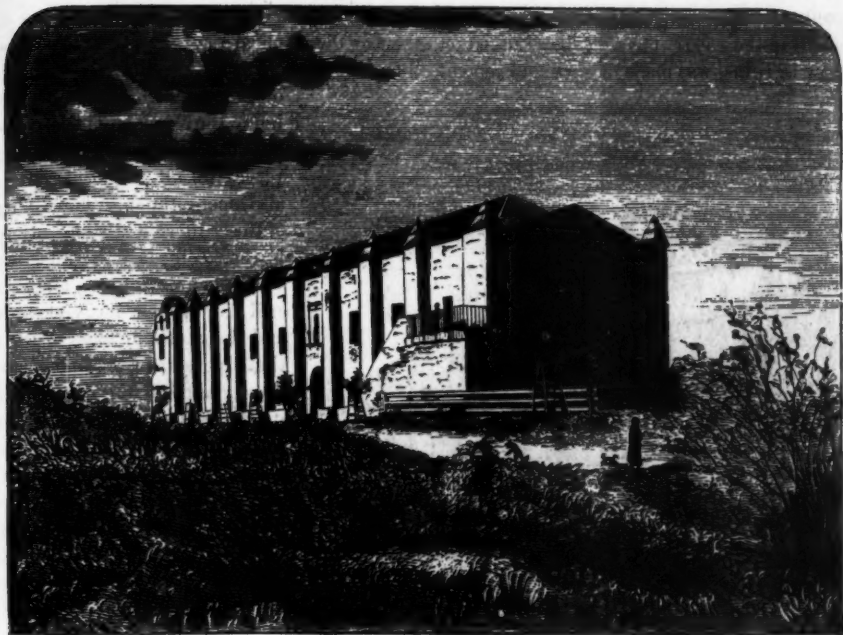


MISSION SAN FERNANDO.

erected, and here were the most extensive buildings and gardens, and finest orchards of luscious fruits, and here were made the most delicious wines, by the industry of the natives under the wisely directed superintendency of the Padres. There were seventy-five thousand acres of rich arable land in the limits of San Diego Mission. The old church is still in use, though its time-worn walls are rapidly crumbling. But the hardy ivy, charitably creeping over the crevices, hides from view the work of decay, and the busy swallows have placed additional layers of mud upon the overhanging tiles, that once formed its shapely eaves. The owls and bats have peaceable possession of its chambers, and the cactus fence, once so thick that not even a bird could penetrate it, is broken down and in ruins. Large olive-trees shade the deserted walks; orioles, in gorgeous plumage, swing their nests from pendent vines over the old belfrey; and the bells, that for nearly three-quarters of a century called the natives to worship, have been taken down. San Diego is certainly one of the most charm-

ingly located cities on the Pacific coast. The harbor is twelve miles long and about two miles wide, crescent-shaped, well protected from the winds, with a channel of thirty feet of water. Should a railroad, either from St. Louis, or any other eastern point, at some future time make its western terminus at San Diego, at this point a large city would probably grow up in a short time, and the fine harbor would at once become an important commercial center.

About fifty miles north of San Diego the mission, San Luis Rey de Francais was established, in 1798, and named in honor of Louis IX, of France. The harbor and town are still called San Luis el Rey. The valley is one of the prettiest in Southern California; it is only a little over a mile wide, and twenty-five miles long, and liberally watered by a never-failing stream. All of the semitropical fruits were grown in this delightful valley. The Spanish annals tell how the missionaries from the San Diego Mission were accustomed to visit this mission, and what luxuries were placed before them by



MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

their ghostly hosts, in rare wines, choice fruits, and tender meats. Such visits would last from ten days to a month, when guests and hosts made merry and feasted right royally. This, like the San Diego Mission, is fast going to decay. The fine gardens are neglected, the walls are crumbling, and the places that knew the padres and natives now know them no more.

San Gabriel, in Los Angeles County, established in 1771, was one of the largest and most delightfully situated of these Missions. It embraced seventy thousand acres of tableland most favorably adapted to the cultivation of the orange and the grape. The Fathers who lived at this mission enjoyed all the luxuries of the climate, and amassed great wealth in cattle and horses. They also excelled in the manufacturing of wines, of which they made from five to six hundred barrels annually. About the beginning of the present century, vessels from Boston and England, sailing the Pacific Ocean in search of adventure, now and then sailed into San Francisco Bay to trade

with the missionaries for their hides, tallow, and wines, and the wines made at San Gabriel Mission commanded an advance price, and became noted in the trade.

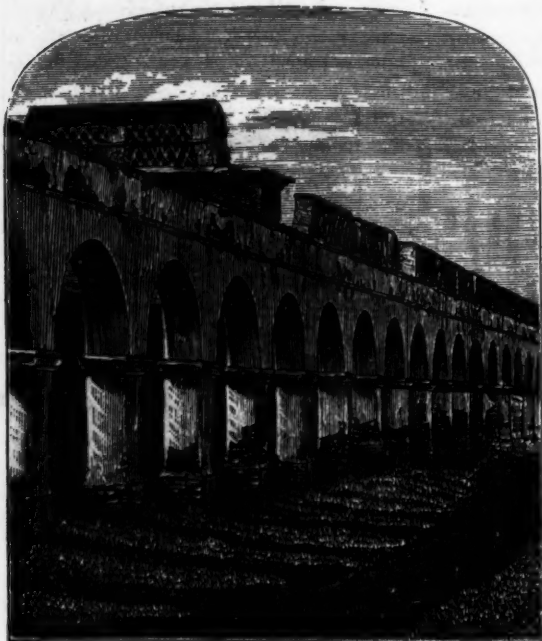
The church building at Gabriel Mission is still a fine-looking edifice; the gardens are luxuriant with fruits and flowers. Large stately olive-trees shade the paths, the sickly-colored mosses that are native to South California have spread themselves over the tiles of the roof, and long vines droop from the wide cornices over the plastered walls outside. These walls are made of rock, adobe, and cement. The mission proper occupies the central portion of San Gabriel Valley, a basin of rolling land shut in by high hills. Extensive orchards are now growing, and in a few years it must be a valley of oranges.

The great garden planted by the Padres lies opposite the church, and contains about one hundred orange-trees, a large number of olive-trees, and a few date-palms. It is the oldest garden in the State devoted to fruit-raising. The Padres were obliged to irrigate

their grounds, and the difficulties to be encountered in accomplishing this work were not small in those early days. A large aqueduct, now in ruins, was made of rock and cement,

sweet grasses, the adobes of the old mission at first strike one gloomily. For miles in every direction are remnants of the cactus-fencing that formerly grew large and vigor-

ously around the fields belonging to the Mission. This Mission is one of the most fascinating places in all California; it is also among the most flourishing of the California missions. Here Father Zelueda cultivated the vine to a great extent, and it is still famous for its vineyards and the excellent class of fruit that ripens upon the immediate descendants of the original stock. His vines flourished so well that the Padres called Father Zelueda the "Father of Vines." The whole valley was indebted to this missionary for the cultivation as well as the introduction of the choicest varieties of grape grown into the country. Some idea of the wealth of this mission may be obtained from its amount of stock and other forms of wealth. In 1775 they harvested twenty thousand fanegas of grain, made



CORRIDOR, MISSION SAN LUIS REY.

to conduct the water to this orchard and around the mission premises, for irrigating purposes.

One of the most interesting features of this valley is the growth of native oaks scattered all over it, and making the basin resemble an English park. The Fathers trimmed these trees for fire-wood, but preserved the trunks with great care, so that the trees present the appearance of having their tops trimmed off while the lower limbs stretch far away from the trunks in beautiful regularity. By this treatment the Padres retained their fuel supply, as each year's growth was sufficient to meet the demand of the next. San Gabriel is only a short ride from Los Angeles, the "City of Angels," and embraces one of the most delightful country views to be found in the State. Going from the flower-embosomed city of Los Angeles, over lawns of clover and

five hundred barrels of wine, and four hundred barrels of brandy; it had one hundred thousand cattle, twenty thousand horses, and fifty thousand sheep; a grove of four hundred orange-trees, and a large garden of olives added to the wealth and beauty of this great mission. Occasionally they dispatched a ship to Lima with soap and tallow, and every year sent to St. Blas a ship-load of oil, hemp, and flax. Now, a new spirit rests over the old mission property,—the broad fields are rapidly coming under the harrow of industrious Americans; herds of cattle still wade knee-deep in clover, but they wear the brand of some well-known cattle-dealer, who watches their sleek coats with an eye to their value in market.

In 1845 there were only five hundred Indians, seven hundred beef cattle, and three thousand sheep remaining to San Gabriel Mission,—in 1771, three thousand Indians

were attached to this sacred reservation,—the dissolution of the prosperity of the Missions took place very rapidly after it had fairly commenced. The thrifty orchards are still carefully tended, but only the remains of what was once an extensive fruit-garden of superb trees is left. The orange, fig, and olive are best preserved,—the old grape-vines that yet grow there furnish choice cuttings for the nucleus of larger and improved vineyards and vine-culture.

fill one with delightful sensations, and give a quickened appreciation for rural beauty. The few remaining palm-trees seem to stand sentinel over the decaying beauty of early times, as they lift their tufted temples skyward, bearing their fruit far up into the sunshine, as if disdaining to commune with the ruins below them.

Twelve miles from Los Angeles one finds what remains of San Fernando Mission, occupying probably the most picturesque loca-



CACTUS, NEAR SAN FERNANDINA.

From San Gabriel one may gaze far-off over the loveliest stretch of valley and rolling meadows to be found on the continent. The Santa Monica Mountains rise abruptly from the plain on the south, plateaus of rich clover land, the winding course of the San Gabriel River, threading its way among the swelling undulations of the valley, the sweetest fragrance of tropical flowers and fruits freighting the air, furnishes a scene of unusual interest. All the senses seem to grow more acute and sensitive—the soft air and softer sunshine bathing the mission buildings and the valley with a glow of silver and gold

tion, as to tropical beauty, of any of the whole class. An extensive and fertile valley stretches off toward the hills, beyond and over which smiles the clearest sky with the most genial air. The road from Los Angeles to Fernando is excellent, leading through a rich undulating country and nearing the hills that shut from view the mission property, till it is nearly approached, and inclosed on each side with cactus-trees and shrubbery. Circling an arm of the hill the mission comes into full view suddenly, standing in its gardens of olives, palm, and pepper, in the midst of what seems a desert for miles in

every direction. The structure still presents an imposing appearance. It was built with a long portico, supported by twenty arches, forming a colonnade; the adobe bricks were plastered and whitewashed, the floor is of

Santa Barbara, one of the most imposing mission settlements in the State, is also the best preserved. At each corner of the front of the structure is a tower thirty-six feet high, capped by double belfries bearing the usual cross. In front of this really handsome edifice are the ruins of a large fountain similar to the one at San Fernando. In connection with this mission was a military post or reservation, known as "the Presidio of Santa Barbara." These presidios,—four in number,—were maintained by the Spanish Government, to aid in preserving peace and order among the natives, also to prevent the intrusion of foreign powers. They were located at Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Monterey, and San Diego. They were well fortified with high adobe walls, mounted with small cannons. Some of the old Spanish soldiers, and many more of their descendants, are still living in California.

The church of this mission must have been beautifully and expensively decorated, for

the old residents in that part of the State repeat the enthusiastic reports of the natives of the grand display in their church at Santa Barbara. The finest fruit and rarest blossoms are still to be had from the old gardens of this mission. The location is one of remarkable beauty; rising gradually up from the valley, the eminence upon which is reared "the ancient pile" overlooks the sea, city of Santa Barbara, and the valley. On the south the Santa Inez Mountains bound the horizon, and a mile westward the Pacific Ocean dashes its spray upon the beach, and fills all the view with its path of blue or foaming waves. All the authorities agree that the Padres had a special care over the ornamentation of these gardens and the church. Rows of sycamores and willows are growing along the highways, leading from the churches and different settlements,



CORRIDOR, SAN JUAN CAPIETANO.

tiles, and the promenade thus formed along the front of the building is pleasant even now. Standing under this rude portico on the broken tiles, breathing the delicious fragrance of the gardens, we seemed to live again the gone by days of the mission's glory. Fancy gave us a view of the patient natives lassoing the horses in the distance,—the busy Fathers, careful for many things, coming and going through the house and garden, and one could almost hear the bell calling the natives to labor or to worship. In front of the main building was once a fountain, with a circular basin twelve feet in diameter; the ruins of this formerly tasteful ornament were more suggestive of regrets and reflection than even the crumbling adobe walls. This entire property bears evidence of greater skill in ornamenting the grounds than any other mission in Southern California.

adding great beauty to town and country. Santa Barbara is one of the fashionable resorts of California. Visitors spend here several months at a time, and many, from being visitors, grow to citizenship. The climate is mild, the soil very prolific, and the society most excellent.

Santa Clara Mission is one of the interesting places on the coast. Here the houses of the natives form five rows of streets, making quite a city, possessing many comforts superior to those of the other communities. Old paintings are still hanging on the walls of this church as well as in that of Santa Barbara. At the San Jose Mission the Padres seem to have paid special attention to the cultivation of the pear, and a very large orchard of that fruit was planted, which annually produces at the present time an abundant crop. The missions were all conducted on one plan. Grain-growing, fruit-raising, and herding were the general business of the systematic mission work from San Diego to San Francisco.

One hundred years ago the Mission Dolores, now within the city of San Francisco, was established. Little did the Padres think that almost within the life-time of some of them the sand hills that frowned around them and over the gateway of the magnificent harbor of San Francisco would be graded, terraced, and leveled to make room for a city that seems destined to become one of the greatest commercial centers in the world. This was an extensive mission; the church was a large building, and handsomely decorated, and the adjacent workshops and other buildings were also very large and well built. It occupied a plateau looking toward the Bay of San Francisco, with high, abrupt hills encompassing its little valley with an air of protective care. This valley is now part of the southern portion of the city, and is still known as "the Mission," and will no doubt long bear that

name. One of the old adobe buildings is used as a reception-room at a railway station. The church is still used, but it looks sadly dilapidated in the midst of modern homes of elegance and architectural beauty. The



SACRISTY, MISSION SAN LOUIS REY.

walls of these buildings are between two and three feet thick; the seats of the church have been replaced from time to time to adapt them to modern tastes; the ceiling is colored, and the altar decked with the customary inharmonious mass of figures, pictures, and emblems. Adjoining the church is a well preserved cemetery, visited every Sabbath by scores of people as a resort. This, with the old edifice, fronts the Bay of San Francisco. The sides of the church are covered with creeping vines and flowers; the tiles are discolored by age; roses of gorgeous hues creep over the graves and aged stones and tablets in wild profusion; and although it stands in the midst of a city, with a railroad rumbling its trains almost on the sacred precincts of the entombed, yet is it a sacred and quiet spot.

Every visitor to California asks, "where

is the old Mission?" and stepping into a horse-car, is carried along a business street, past massive blocks and fine residences, until a halt is made before a pile of adobes, and he is at once introduced to the "Old Mission." As late as 1825 this Mission owned 76,000 head of cattle, 1,000 tame horses, 9,000 mules, 80,000 sheep, and 500 yoke of working oxen. When the Pueblo grew into the proportions of a town it was called "Yerba Buena." This was the San Francisco found by the incoming Americans and taken possession of by the gold-seekers. The few vessels that arrived in the harbor after 1835 anchored off the Presidio, near the "Golden Gate,"—the "embarcadero" of the Mission, although situated three miles distant at the northern extremity of the peninsula. It is now occupied by Ameri-

can troops, and is one of the finest military posts on the Pacific.

A bright haze, almost a halo, like the brilliancy of the shimmering sunshine of this strangely delightful climate, hangs over the history of the times of the Padres in Upper California. They were great men in their day, and they did a great work; perhaps, on the whole, a good work. Certainly so for themselves, viewed in its worldly aspects, and probably also for the natives. But with the independence of Mexico came the cessation of Spanish oversight and beneficence, and very soon the Missions, as such, ceased almost entirely; and then, after thirty years, came the American conqueror and governor, all greedy for gold; and the days of the Missions in any form were numbered. Probably it was well that it should be so.

ANGEL FACES.

I HAVE not seen her now for a great many years; but *with that same face*, whatever change she may pretend to find in it, *she will go to heaven*; for it is the face of her spirit. A good heart never grows old.—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

WE see them with us here,
Bright, happy faces, fraught with smiles
and mirth,
Yet too perceptibly the traits of earth
Alloy these features dear.

Infancy passes by;
The mother's wondering eyes behold no more
Her baby's backward glances to the shore
Of pre-existence high.

Childhood, alas! declines;
Vanished too soon the genuine glow of youth;
There lives upon the brow life's sad, stern
truth,
Stamped in deep furrowed lines.

We see them pass away—
Pass with pale faces; not, indeed, the same,
But innocent as when to earth they came
On life's first opening day.

The signs of pain and care
Are lost in that we feel 's an angel smile;
The marks of worldliness, of sin, of guile,—
Not one of them is there.

We close them from our sight,
Yet never can forget. We seem to know
How fairly those transfigured ones will show
Up in their home of light.

Passed quite beyond our ken,
Still there was *something* so that we could trace
How death's strong magic makes an angel face
Out of the face of men.

And there are some, though few,
Who never soil on earth heaven's virgin page,
Who keep unchanged through every upward
stage,
Childhood's own spotless hue.

So beautiful and good,
We feel that all unaltered they might stand
Amid the ranks of the redeemed band,
As here with us they stood.

They need not our poor prayers;
They call for thanks to heaven, whose love
untold
Allowed our hearts awhile the bliss to hold
Those "angels unawares."

BY THE BROOK SIDE.



A DOZEN hawthorns all in bloom
 Grow by the brooklet side,
 Breathing their exquisite perfume,—
 And lovely clumps of gorse and broom
 With the wild rose allied;
 And herald honeysuckles send
 Their odors forth, like bounteous friend!

The calm bright brooklet flows along,
 Quiescent as a dream,
 As though it loitered to prolong
 The nightingale's delicious song,
 Re-echoing down the stream.
 Such melting pathos, full and clear,
 A bird of paradise is here!

The radiant meadows wave and ring
 With many songs and blithe;
 And the glad children dance and sing,
 While ranks of sturdy laborers swing
 The sharp victorious scythe,
 And lengthening swathes of new-mown grass
 Send out their fragrance as we pass.

Here in fat pastures, bright with flowers,
 The flocks and herds abide;
 And lambkins, at the evening hours,
 Gambol, in sunshine or in showers,
 Along the meadow side,
 So beautiful with flowers o'erstrewn,
 Robed in the royalty of June.

Here is a lark's nest full of young,
 Opening their yellow beaks,
 And overhead, to music strung,
 The grateful lark his thanks has sung,
 And now his nest he seeks;
 To feed the tiny larklets there,
 Gives rapture to the happy pair.

The sun sinks slowly in the west,
 In flaming grandeur clad,
 Creation in her Summer vest,
 Smiles in placidity and rest,
 And man and beast are glad;
 Of lovelier walk you scarce could think
 Than wandering by the brooklet's brink.

OPENING DAY IN PARLIAMENT.

FOUR o'clock of the afternoon, in the streets of London, on the 8th of February of this present year of grace. Every where between Charing-cross and Knights-bridge there are to be witnessed those signs which surely speak of the gradual subsidence of a great popular excitement. A huge multitude, broken up at intervals into small groups, slowly and languidly straggles home. The ceremony of the day is over; the storm of enthusiasm has spent itself. But the effects of that event are very visible, and south-western London is in the groundswell which succeeds the commotion of the elements.

Whence that appearance and what it means the intelligent reader will, from the date above mentioned, have already divined. Queen Victoria has to-day opened the fourth session of her ninth Parliament, and very many of her loyal lieges have assisted in some part or other of the ceremony. Have there been any disloyal lieges?

We carry with us a ticket, conferred upon us by the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain, and entitling us to a place in the House of Peers on the opening of Parliament by Her Majesty. Called upon by an endless series of policemen and other officials to show our credentials, we emerge into Palace-yard, and so thread our way through a dense mass of human beings into Westminster Hall. Up the flight of stone stairs, sharp to the left, then up a few more stairs, and we are in the lobby, which is a sort of vestibule to both Houses of Parliament. Here there are more men and women occupying the little space between the marble effigies of the political worthies of England. An apoplectic-looking old lady fans herself with a pocket-handkerchief under the shadow of Mr. Pitt, who guards the entrance on the right hand. A weak curate shrugs his shoulders and blinks his eyes, while above him is the substantial form of Charles James Fox, with its protuberant stomach, outstretched finger, and genially smiling face. Midway

between the counterfeit presentments of Burke and Grattan is a gentleman who appears to be taking some furtive refreshment from a pocket-pistol; while the chivalrous figure of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, at the other end of the lobby, is the center of a wondering group of perspiring agriculturists.

Amid brilliant bursts of February sunshine, and after more examination of tickets, I arrive at last at the bottom of the stairs which are to conduct me to my post in the House of Lords. Interrogated first by a gentleman who might easily be mistaken for an elderly diplomatist in evening dress, but who is one of the lower officials of the House, and secondly by a policeman, who talks about peers in an indifferent and contemptuous manner, I mount the stairs leading to the reporters' and the strangers' galleries. At the door of the former I am confronted by a venerable and familiar figure. He is, in fact, the janitor of the limited space set apart in the chamber of our hereditary legislators for the gentlemen of the press. The peculiarity of this aged functionary, who, no doubt, firmly believes himself to be an integral part of the British Constitution, is that it takes him exactly five years to remember a name or to recognize a face, and that, however indisputable their claim, he considers it part of his duty to regard all applicants for admission to the place over which he presides as impostors. From the curious way in which he examines my ticket, he would appear to think that I have deliberately forged the signature of Lord Aveland. He looks on the document with more than suspicion; investigates it through his spectacles; shakes his head, says he hopes it is all right; stares me hard in the face; asks me whether he has not seen me before, and finally inquires my patronymic. He thinks he does know the name, consents to accept my ticket, and so I am at length permitted to pass in.

It is exceedingly improbable that the building in which we now are has ever wit-

nessed so brilliant or interesting a sight. The decorative portions of the House of Lords, if somewhat barbaric in their splendor, are superbly rich and handsome. But they require a much larger supply of light than they usually receive in the month of February to be seen to advantage. To-day the sun does what a Winter sun has seldom done before. It lights up the whole splendid structure, and exercises its influence upon the assembled crowd; it inspires the whole scene with a lively and cheerful animation. Lord Redesdale has not yet made his appearance; but the present aspect of the peers' chamber irresistibly suggests the protest which that genial nobleman lodged some years ago against the admission of ladies to the galleries of the House, on the ground that they made the place look like a casino, a remark which elicited from Lord Granville the reply, that his noble friend was a greater authority than he could pretend to be himself on the subject of such haunts. "The ladies in Parliament" is a vision which is literally fulfilled to-day. Above, below, around, the ladies predominate. Not only do they fill the galleries usually devoted to their fair presence, they have seized, and rise tier on tier in the stranger's gallery, and are gradually filling the body of the House itself. Presently an hereditary legislator, in the black frock-coat of every-day life, looks in at the door; disappears, reappears not unabashed, clad in the ermine and scarlet robes of his order. Surely that noble lord who has just entered thus attired, and who, having first perambulated the chambers with a jaunty stride, and examined with an air of surprise the benches, backless for the occasion and for the better economy of space, is none other than the distinguished author, whose passion for paradox is almost equal to his gift of poetry. But to-day the statesman and the bard are merged in the squire of dames, and the noble author of many delightful lyrics assumes the functions of a master of the ceremonies. At first he is almost alone; presently comes a second noble lord, and then a third, then more noble lords, and yet more, till the House is fairly full of scarlet-clad figures.

It is now past one o'clock. As I look right opposite me through the two doors on either side of the throne, at the other end of the House, I can clearly descrie the passing and repassing of multitudinous robes, the waving of plumes, the flashing of diamonds. In the last ten minutes a decided change has come over the scene below me. As in the galleries, so in the benches in the body of the House, the ladies have taken their seats, all of them in evening dress, enveloped in opera cloaks. The peers are at last gradually bringing themselves to an anchor, and the buzz of conversation, though not yet hushed, perceptibly subsides. The lords spiritual, in black satin and white lawn, have also come; but they are not in their accustomed place on the right of the woolsack. The episcopal benches are, in fact, given up for the nonce partly to ladies, partly to ambassadors; and the bishops are relegated to the seats arranged for the occasion in front of the woolsack. The casual observer might now say that the capacities of the House are exhausted. Lord Aveland, dressed not in the robe and ermine of a peer, but in the Windsor uniform, walks once or twice round, to see whether any additional seats can be found. He has scarcely completed his last circuit when there suddenly falls a momentary silence of interest and suspense on the assemblage. Who are they that come in scarlet and purple robes, reaching from head to foot, and spangled with buttons of gold and vermilion, suggestive of something between Roman cardinals and the heroes and heroines of the willow-plate pattern? His Serene Excellency, the Chinese ambassador and suite. Of the latter some are told off to the galleries up-stairs, while four take their places on the episcopal benches. No apparition of the kind has been witnessed before in either chamber of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, and the select society which fills the House of Lords proceeds to devour the legates from the Celestial Empire with its gaze. If it were possible that this society did so far forget itself, I should be tempted to say that the first sight of the Chinese envoy and his satellites provoked a distinct laugh. Be that as it may,

the illustrious mandarins cared for none of these things, and examined with evident interest and amusement every thing around them, while, to all appearance, remaining sublimely unconscious that they were the objects of any curiosity themselves.

Twenty minutes to two. The members of the corps diplomatique have taken their places. Russian, Austrian, German, Turkish, and French representatives have chatted pleasantly and interchanged jokes—as if war were a word unknown in the vocabulary of modern civilization, and the Eastern question had no kind of existence. Musurus Pasha has been greeted with every show of cordiality by high-church bishops and other Turkish politicians; and the severe simplicity of the costume of the United States minister, who wears a plain black coat, unadorned by one of those orders with which the breasts of his companions are ablaze, has evidently been noticed, and is as plainly being discussed by feminine critics. Behold another burst of color. The judges in a body, headed by Chief Baron Kelly, have trooped in. But is there room? Yes; they can just be squeezed in, close to the woolsack, the normal occupant of which is on the point of entering. It wants just ten minutes to two, and, before I see the Lord Chancellor himself, I catch the glitter of the mace-bearer in front of him. His lordship, as he takes his seat, evidently finds it a tight fit; but he makes himself as comfortable as circumstances will allow, and chats easily with his neighbors, clerical, legal, and lay.

Seven minutes more have elapsed, it is three minutes to two to a second; an officer, habited in black, whispers something into the ear of Lord Cairns, who rises with stately deliberation, and when his attendant has shouldered before him the emblem of his high office, vanishes through the open door on the left of the throne. We all know now what is the next stage in the proceedings, and no great effort of imagination does it require to picture the scene which is being enacted outside the Houses of Parliament; the flutter of white handkerchiefs which has greeted the Queen in her progress down Whitehall, the plaudits rung forth from thousands of

lungs, the welcome of the Prince of Wales, and the keen satisfaction experienced by the Prime Minister with a reception almost as hearty as that accorded to the Heir Apparent himself—these things I know, rather than actually hear. What at the present moment I can hear is the low buzz of anticipatory talk, and the distant braying of trumpets. I know what these far-off sounds mean—that the Queen of the realm is now close at hand, and that the crowning ceremony of the day will not be delayed many minutes. Presently the door on the right of the throne, recently shut for a few minutes, is flung open, and the Prince and Princess of Wales—the former wearing a peer's robe—enter. But here, be it noticed, his Royal Highness has an exceedingly difficult task to perform. Between the woolsack and the throne—the latter usually protected by a railing—there is, in the normal condition of the House of Lords, an interval of some twenty feet. To-day, the woolsack has been drawn back to within almost an arm's length of the royal seat, and quite close to its steps. Notice, therefore, especially the skill with which the Prince guides his consort through this narrow channel, depositing her finally on the woolsack, with her back to the Chancellor, and himself in a chair on the right of the throne. Meanwhile, lords, ladies, and commoners have all stood up to greet the future King and Queen of England. Now behold the six pursuivants, brave in gold and purple; the four heralds, in gold and crimson; the equerries and grooms in waiting, in number six more; these head the royal procession. Those two gentlemen who follow, clad in the ordinary uniform, black and gold, of the royal household, are the Comptroller and Treasurer, Lord Henry Somerset and Lord Henry Thynne. The middle-aged erect gentleman in the attire of the queen's aid-de-camp, is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Next to him are Colonel Clifford, usher of the Black Rod, in a suit of mourning, and Garter King-at-Arms, in a gorgeous panoply of gold. The Earl-Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain follow; and last, immediately before the Queen, comes, in his peer's robes,

the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield himself. Aloft he carries that which is mis-called the sword, and should rather be described as the scabbard of State. His face is perfectly expressionless; his step deliberate; not a single muscle in his arm, considerable as the tension must be, appears to move.

But before the Prime Minister has assumed his place on the left of the throne, an effect of indescribable brilliance has been witnessed. Her majesty is now inside the House of Lords. Immediately on her first entrance the whole company stand up. The ladies had previously been observed to be submitting their opera-cloaks to some mysterious operation; and simultaneously, at the instant that they rose from their seats, their mantles descended from their shoulders and displayed a glorious "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls" and flashing of diamonds. Her Majesty has now traversed the strait already described past the woollen sack, has shaken hands with the Prince of Wales, and has taken her seat on the throne with the ermine robe thrown over it. On her left are the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. The Lord Chancellor stands on the right of the Queen, and next to him is the Marquis of Winchester—whose personal appearance is remarkable as being very strongly suggestive of the type of Englishmen seen on the French stage—bearing the Cap of Maintenance on a cushion of crimson velvet. The whole space about the throne is densely thronged with peers, holding various offices.

Very slightly does Her Majesty, after taking her seat, incline her head. The signal is, however, quite intelligible, and is interpreted aright. The company once more seat themselves, but the ladies do not resume their opera-cloaks. Amid a breathless silence Black Rod approaches the royal presence, and at once retires. His mission is to summon the House of Commons to the bar

of the Peers. Nothing could be more impressive than the absolute stillness which now prevails. Her Majesty sits motionless as a statue. The Prince of Wales is equally still and silent. Lord Beaconsfield does not relax a line of his countenance. This singular suspense lasts for five minutes. Black Rod returns, and in the twinkling of an eye, there comes the sound as of a mighty, rushing wind. Nearer it gets, and nearer. It is Her Majesty's faithful Commons. The officers of the House have found it just possible to keep back, by a rather complicated machinery of ropes and barriers, the concourse, till the Speaker and the Leader of the House have taken their place in the reserved box behind the bar, at the side immediately opposite the throne. But after that comes the deluge; and the expedient of the "ballot," instituted ostensibly for the purpose of preventing a crush on these occasions, breaks down lamentably. The whole thing is a wild stampede, and members of the House of Commons, as they flock into the presence of their sovereign, remind one of nothing more than a herd of under-graduates wildly rushing into the Sheldonian Theater on Commemoration-day. But order is restored, and there is once again a deep silence. The Lord Chancellor makes an obeisance to his royal mistress, and presents to her a paper—the Queen's Speech. But Her Majesty very slightly shakes her head, on which Lord Cairns, drawing himself up to his full height, retains the document, spreads it open, and begins to read it in a tone audible throughout the entire chamber. This occupies as nearly as possible ten minutes. Her Majesty then leaves the throne, and passes from the House with the same ceremony that accompanied her entrance. The pent-up torrent of general talk again bursts forth, the company begin to disperse, the kaleidoscopic splendors melt away, and the pageant is over.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ON Saturday afternoon of May 23, 1874, as the sun gathered up his mantle of gold and purple clouds and passed out of the wonderful Yosemite Valley, a party of weary travelers entered. They emerged from a thicket of dogwood pines and azaleas, just in time to see crimson fringes of light trailing about the gray cliffs and snow-clad peaks, and tinting the upper waters of the "Bridal Veil." Since sunrise, they had traversed thirty miles on horseback, climbing two mountains, fording four swollen streams, skirting the edges of mighty chasms. They had chosen a circuitous route, for one of their number at least, so loved each rock and flower that he could hardly forego the sight of one gloomy cliff or the scent of one woodland blossom. He spoke of the day as one in which he "was a boy again." In his love of nature he held a key that opened for him a Holy of Holies in every temple, and showed him how to feel his way to the God it enshrined. Before this love veils were lifted, mysteries revealed, till the "Secret of the Lord" was with one "who feared him." He had known there were great rock cathedrals hidden in the heart of everlasting hills, but his eyes had never seen any thing like this. So the day's fatigues dissolved as he dropped them into the full cup of the day's delights, and Charles Kingsley entered this wondrous temple with a spirit fresh and buoyant with praise.

The companions of this California trip, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Cyrus W. Field and J. A. C. Gray, will not soon forget his exuberant enjoyment of the majestic grandeur of the scenery. It was a joy not of the senses only, but of the spirit; he was not a pantheist but a poet, and the road through nature up to nature's God was a familiar track to his soul. He was as glad as if up there among the heights, in some cleft of the rocks, a "still small voice" had whispered to him that eight months more, and his feet should enter another valley out of whose shadows he should climb the

mounts of God, where are the "everlasting habitations," and where he should see "the King in his Glory." Certainly he preached to the little company gathered at the inn, as if, Elijah-like, his soul had been made to burn and glow by the close hovering in the air of some unseen "chariot of fire." It was Whitsunday, and he took for his text verses from the tenth onward of the one hundred and fourth Psalm. Surrounded by illustrations of the sciences he loved, he yet lifted his hearers' thoughts to the Maker of law and system and plan. In sight of the mighty cataracts he talked of One who "sendeth the springs into the valleys" till they "give drink to every beast of the field," who "watereth the hills from his chambers," who "satisfieth the earth with the fruits of his works," till "man's heart is strengthened" and made glad, and his "face is made to shine." He talked of what the Psalmist calls the "trees of the Lord," where the "birds sing among the branches," and of "the fir trees where the stork makes her house." He talked about the rocks where God's little things, even "the conies, may find shelter;" of the "high hills that are for a refuge," the everlasting hills "from whence cometh our strength." He dwelt tenderly on the Wisdom and Love in all these works, and on "the Lord's own *rejoicing* in 'them all.'" He made a picture vivid, as if he had already seen it, of "the glory that should endure," and urged all to join him when, with the Psalmist, he said, "I will *sing* unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet, I will be glad in the Lord!"

Two days before this, news had been sent by telegraph to his wife in England stating that the party was nearing the Yosemite, and that on Whitsunday, Kingsley would preach for them. So, while the canon stood in the great forest-temple, almost untouched by the hand of man, thousands of miles over the sea, under the arches of Westminster

Abbey, gathered his accustomed congregation, and the Dean of Westminster preached to them from the same Psalm. In alluding to Mr. Field's telegram, he said, "On this very day, perhaps at this very hour, the man who is able better than any man living to combine the religious and scientific aspects of nature is preaching in the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, where the glories of nature are revealed on the most gigantic scale,—in that wonderful California Valley,—to whose trees the cedars of Lebanon are but as the hyssop that groweth out of the wall; where water and forest and sky conjoin to make up, if anywhere on this globe, an earthly paradise. Let me, from this pulpit, faintly echo the enthusiasm that I doubt not inspires his burning words. Let us feel that in this splendid Psalm and this splendid festival the old and the new, the East and the West, are united in one."

And surely many souls in the New World did find a fresh bond of union to the Old when Charles Kingsley came among us, that had not been felt in the author, who now and then sent out fragments of himself sandwiched between morocco or pasteboard for our readers. Whether these came in name of "The Saint's Tragedy," or "Yeast," or "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," "The Three Fishers," or "The Water Babies," we opened our arms for all. Sermon, controversy, essay, or poem, we welcomed all, and sought in each to know the poet, the scientist, the philanthropist, through the teaching of his books. But when he came over to us with his whole self—except what could not be drawn from the home fireside—body and heart as well as brains, we recognized and welcomed and loved the man. When he left our shores, many hearts would have been ready with a strong "Amen" to the beautiful dedication to his life as we now are when we read its tender testimony to his worth. He *was* truly "a righteous man,"

"Loyal and chivalrous, gentle and strong,
Modest and humble—tender and true,
Pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring,
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern toward himself.
A man of untarnished honor,
Who loved God and truth above all things."

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Among his countrymen there have been those who, having made an enviable place in thoughtful American minds by noble deeds of tongue or sword or pen, needed but one brief tour through the country to step down forever from their pedestals and leave their niches empty. Not so Kingsley. He came admired, he went away beloved. He had the insight to discriminate between cordiality and toadyism. He could be just in observation, generous in judgment. He did not accept, with both outstretched hands, all that was offered, and respond with condescending shrugs, half-veiled sneers, or open ridicule. The hospitality offered him was real, and his acceptance frank and manly. He always seemed to feel that more was being done for him than should be done. From California he writes: "We have been so heaped with kindness that this trip will cost us almost nothing." He speaks of the free passes on the railroads as "great gain," of the hospitality that opened homes for him, of the tenderness that nursed him in sickness, like a man whose heart answered back to the love of other men. His attitude is never harshly critical, and he seems so occupied in improving himself and helping others, that he finds little time for simple fault-finding. He continually dwells on what he is *learning*; though often weary physically, and homesick for wife and children, yet says he "is repaid at every step of the way for the experience of new people and new facts." He writes that he shall go home a "wider-hearted and a wider-headed man;" but, if he broadened or deepened in the new fields of observation, it was due principally to the fact that he brought with him the unprejudiced mind to measure and the true plummet wherewith to sound whatever was not upon the surface.

It is with genuine pleasure we follow him from the time when American hospitality went down the harbor one cold February morning, and took possession of him and his luggage, and surprised him with the kindness that did not allow him to be delayed by opening his "boxes" at the custom-house, on to the day when he embarked again for home, leaving sadly what he called

the "fine, generous, kindly wholesome folk." From Curtis at Long Island, to Bowles in Springfield, to Field in Boston, meeting every body, seeing every thing, interested in all the dear old "queerities" of Salem and Lynn, delighting himself with the scientific collection at Cambridge, as if he were a boy; having pleasant hours with Longfellow in his old study; happy, and making every body else happy, he passed from place to place. He finds the air like champagne, the skies wintery blue, after the London fogs, a real Roman sky to him; the modes of travel so "luxurious" as to make his days in the cars a rest; and the kindness of the people such that he is "ashamed to talk of it." From Philadelphia to Washington, where Charles Sumner gave to him in the Senate his last hour of friendly chat with any one. Less than an hour after it was over came the senator's fatal attack, and when Kingsley reached New York the next day, the news of Sumner's death had preceded him.

He preached occasionally; was fêted everywhere. Yet his modesty never seemed to remember that the author was receiving only well-deserved honor. There seemed so little of himself in his thought that he had room for large measure of every delight, whether by firesides among clever men and charming women, or in the forest or by the roadside. A railway accident that to many would have been source of serious grumbling at defective railway systems, was to him only a welcomed opportunity to explore among the rocks and by the wayside for geological treasures or specimens for the botanist's portfolio. His love of natural sciences never flagged. He could stop to examine an insect that lighted upon the Bible in the midst of a sermon; he could rise before any of his companions and return from a ramble at sunrise, with hands laden with flowers. He could take time to write all sorts of instructive and amusing details of microscopic blossoms or insects to his little children even when most burdened by the cares of his busy life. We could leave the priest, the poet, the novelist, the politician, the naturalist, and fill our paper with the friend and the

man, as we learned him in this American half-year of his life. That six months of him was enough for a biography, if biographies could picture and condense thought and emotion, and condense so as to reproduce the personality. His soul was a land of many waters, deep wells some of them, and just as one has line and plummet ready, and thinks he touches bottom, his eye catches the gleam, or his ear the ripple, of streams that go singing from other wells, across entirely new fields of fancy or feeling or labor. Follow which we will we find the outflow of this mind healthful and sweet, and along its line noble purposes and actions springing up in the hearts of his fellows, like the trees that "grow by the water-courses." Justice to a varied and delicately shaded existence can not be done in rapid outline; so we love to linger where the lights fall strongest, as in this case they do about the affectionate, impulsive, generous man. We naturally like him best where he seemed to come nearest to us. It seems hardly fair to reverse the movement of his career, to begin the book at *finis* and turn the leaves backward until we remember that really this last year was a crowning year. We could hardly hope to go from beginning to end of a life of such unceasing outward activities, such inward conflicts and victories, but if we can look from the height where he stood at the end, we may have at least a partial view of the entire track. While we can not trace mental and spiritual processes step by step, the light of the *resultant character* makes luminous the entire path trodden by the upward struggling soul. So it is we not only know what he was by what he has done, but we know what he has done by what he was.

The year of which he gave us such generous portion was his last. The failing health, broken down by overwork, was much improved by his journey. He said he had had "scenery enough to last his life-time." He fills his letters with longings for home,—to his beloved Eversley where he thinks "God's gracious goodness" will yet allow him time to sit quietly with his wife and "reconsider himself." Much of his writing had been

done because the needs of his family had been greater than the proceeds of his various livings, and he rejoices in these letters that for that purpose he need never write again. He takes time to write the children about "rattlesnakes" and "horned toads" and "butterflies as big as bats," and his pen hardly sends a letter home that is not enthusiastic over the flowers. He is ill in California, ill again in Colorado, and during this last illness composed his latest verses, with their curious refrain of "Barum, barum, baree," which nobody understands.

Sailing late in July 1874, he arrived early in August at Eversley, the country parish, only forty miles from London, where more than thirty years of his life had been spent in loving, earnest labor, that made him pastor, father, and friend to all the people. He found sickness in his parish, his curate away on vacation, and in his joy at being again at home, he entered eagerly upon all his parish labors. His duties as Canon of Westminster required him to be there in September, and there he broke down with a serious illness, that forced him to forego a portion of his labors. While slowly regaining strength the failing health of his wife came upon him with a terrible shock, and after her immediate danger was past, his own feebleness continued. Still he continued to preach, his congregations growing larger and larger, and his sermons more and more full of fervor and power. On All Saints' day his discourse is described as a "grand" note of preparation for the life of eternal blessedness in the vision of God, on which he was so soon to enter. It was a revelation too of his own deepest belief with backward glances into the darker passages and bitter struggles of his own warfare with evil.

Late in November he preached his last sermon in the Abbey, on Luke xix, 41,—*"Christ weeping over Jerusalem."* Those who heard could not forget the pathos and tenderness and power with which he pictured the divine yearning and pity of the Son of God over the sinful race. No one who reads in this sermon his pleading with the sinner for whom Christ waits, and over whom perhaps he grieves, to open the gates,

whatever they may be, that shut him out, and welcome him as Redeemer and King, could doubt his estimate of Christ and the power of the Christ-life in the human soul. The thought rushes back from the glorious truth of that last appeal to the crude earlier days when the eager, restless spirit had its struggle with unbelief. Ample record of these struggles his life shows, though his wife, who was the early and only sharer of all his mental conflicts, withholds much the world would like to know. Still all along his track lie enough of the "shards and shells which his soul had rent, as moving grandly from state to state, ever and ever it onward went" to reveal his steady progress. He made many mistakes in dealing vehement blows at error; but on the whole was hurt himself as much in their rebound as he hurt other people. He *lived* his problems, and made every thing depend upon experimental testimony. So while he proved to himself the impracticability of so-called Christian Socialism, he made a reputation as an apostle and leader in causes where he was in truth only an eager investigator. A man with more self in him would have kept quiet till his opinions and experiments had ripened into convictions, and would even then have been politic in expression. Not so Kingsley. He would show how far he had gone even if in the face of the world he had to go back. Follower and lover as he was of Maurice, whom he always called his master, and after whom he named his eldest son, he yet, in later years, was forced to admit that many of his schemes had failed, not, alas, because they were not good in themselves, but because the world was not ready for them. He had enthusiasm and energy enough to undertake to reconstruct human society, and his views were wide, and purpose high enough to include all human possibilities; but he learned, after trying Chartism and many another "ism," that he who practically benefits the few, does more for the world than he who agitates the many. So he set to work at smaller things, and those nearest at hand; at sanitary measures, at diffusion of physiological knowledge, that the bodies of men might be brought to

be that for which they were intended,—the temples of the living God.

He did not care which end of the work he held in his hand, but pulled with all his strength and influence, whether it were in teaching a peasant mother, in her hut away across Eversley downs, how to nurse a sick child, or the introduction of the laws of health into the Training colleges. They called him the "apostle of muscular Christianity," and so he was, if holding the body as a sacred heritage, and teaching the responsibility of its right government, made him deserve the name. He chafed sometimes under it when the lack of discrimination of what he really meant was forced upon him by ridicule or contempt. But his labor for other people's bodies did not make him spare his own. He lived fast and hard, and though really in his prime, that Advent sermon in the Abbey was his last. He went directly from the pulpit to his wife, much exhausted, saying "and now my work is done thank God! and I finished with your favorite text." It was "take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

They were to return to Eversley December 3d, and he was full of joyous anticipations of the Christmas tide, and the quiet Winter's work there among his beloved people.

But the journey renewed the wife's illness and his own anxieties. She grew worse and worse, till his children were sent for; he was told there was "no hope." He says, "My own death-warrant was signed with those words;" but he gathered all his strength, and nursed and comforted the woman whose love had been so much to him for a third of a century. He said, "It is not darkness you go to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there." He read and prayed with her from day to day, administered with his own hands the sacrament once more to wife, children, and servants. He was calm and submissive, but he said his "heart was broken." And in that interval of blessed relieving of the past, before any hope dawned that she could be

again restored, his own strength gave way, and he lay down to die. He had promised her to "fight for life" for the children's sake; but the fight was too strong, and was soon over. He steadily failed, once only going to her room after taking his bed. For a few days he spoke to her by penciled notes such as young lovers might send to and fro. Nothing could be more pathetic than these last sad days at the Rectory. They kept him much under the influence of opiates, and in his dreams he ever crossed the sea and wandered among the Rocky Mountains, and talked of the wonders of the scenery. Among his last messages were those of love to the young Princes at Sandringham, who loved him, and to whom he was much attached. Twenty-five years before he had said, "I see more and more that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God, our Savior, can the cleverest as well as the simplest find the peace of God which passeth understanding." He was heard to murmur in the night, "No more fighting! No more fighting!" and again, "How beautiful God is!" He did not ask for his wife, seeming to think she had passed on before him, and he died January 23d, murmuring as his last words, "Suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death, to fall from *Thee*!"

From his youth he had expressed weariness of life and longing for rest, and twenty years before his death he had been known to say, "I look forward to it with intense and reverent curiosity." The sorrow he dreaded for himself was hers, who "fought for life" for the children's sake, and rose from her own bed of sickness to perform one more act of love for him, giving to the world the story of his life. He could have had no tenderer biographer and he needed no truer.

They offered him a tomb with England's noblest dead in Westminster Abbey, where his voice had been so often heard pleading with the multitude; but they made his grave at Eversley, where, says Max Müller, there gathered around it "all he had loved and all who had loved him." They placed above his grave a marble cross with a spray of the passion-flower, under which were the words he was to have placed above the grave of his

wife: "*Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus.*" To this spot came many strangers, even little children, who loved the "Water Babies," and the gypsies from Eversley Common, over whom he had great influence, and who say he went to heaven on their prayers.

It is impossible to review the life of this ripe scholar, good preacher, and accomplished author, without realizing how whatever he *did* becomes dim under a hazy sunny glamour cast over them by what he *was*. The man fascinates by the genial, healthful, sunniness of nature that "walked and lived in the light." The "Memories" are compiled by those who loved him, and reading them one forgets his mistaken theories and daring dashes in wrong directions, and feels the charm of his utter sincerity and sweetness, and shuts the book with a sense of kinship and comprehension, such as rarely grows without friendly and familiar intercourse. We are quite ready to say those *knew* him *best* who loved him best, for in love such a nature would find its interpreter. Many of us never saw him, yet I venture many a man will close the book feeling as if he had often talked with him by his own library-fire, and many a woman, feeling as if he had been one of those who "stayed to tea," "played with the children," and "made himself at home."

If "thoughts are events and feelings incidents," then he had an eventful life. Its outline of externals may be told in the compass of a paragraph. His father was vicar of Holme, near Dartmoor. His mother was a remarkable woman. Kingsley said often that "all his talent was inherited." The mother loved Devonshire, and the influence of the scenery especially around Clovell, where his youth was passed, was felt through all his own life. The country in North Devon was wild, the people curious and primitive, and he says the impression both made upon him was the inspiration of his life.

We hear of his first thoughtful child sermons delivered when he was four years old, and preserved by his mother. He delighted in haranguing the chairs in the nursery, using his pinafore for a surplice. The tone of theology of the following shows what must have

grown familiar to his childish years. He says, when in his fifth year, "It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God and not follow the devil, for if we follow the devil we shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God we shall go to heaven. It is to a certainty that we can not describe how thousands and tens of thousands have been wicked, and nobody can tell how the devil can be chained in hell, nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good. And if we go to heaven we shall find them all singing in the highest, and if we go to hell we shall find all the wicked ones gnashing and wailing their teeth, as God describes them in the Bible. If humanity, honesty, and good religion fail, we can to a certainty get them back again by being good. Religion is reading good books and not telling lies and speaking evil, and not calling their brother fool and Raca. And one day when a great generation of people came to Christ in the wilderness, he said, 'Yea! ye generation of vipers!'" The poems of these baby years are far more remarkable than this sermon. Twelve years of age found him a pupil in a Grammar-school in Cornwall, where a son of the poet Coleridge was his master. Here his passion for botany and geology revealed itself. He was a very fitful worker at mathematics and classics, but at sixteen had begun to write poetry, though his great physical activity was the most marked thing about him.

The removal of his father's family to Chelsea, and his own change to King's College, was not agreeable to him. The poetic and imaginative side of his boyish nature unfolding under the influences of Helston, were checked, and he set to work to such good purpose that he entered Cambridge well prepared. Now came what a writer calls his attack of the "disease of emancipation," which took such serious hold upon him that he disbelieved every thing he had ever been taught, and then was distressed at not knowing what to believe. Upon this condition of spiritual unrest and great mental impatience came the one love of his life-time. The

woman he had chosen became from the first the sharer of all his vexing questions, and for the first time he had the help of a thorough comprehension. The influence of this love upon his intellectual and spiritual life can not be estimated, and Mrs. Kingsley leaves a veil over much of the transition period from disbelief to faith. A careful reading of his own *Launcelot and Agemone* may reveal more that is the expression of the author's experience than has been supposed. His union was singularly happy, and he speaks of the day he met his future wife "as his wedding day."

Toward the end of his college-course he overworked, as he could hardly help doing if he worked at all. In May, 1841, we find him reconsidering his purpose to pursue the law and deciding to enter the Church. I feel, he says, as if, once in the Church, "I could live so much closer to God." "My views, he adds, of religion, get clearer daily. I see clearly the necessity of faith." And, June 12, 1841, down by the sea-shore, in some still night hour of thought, he says, "Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless stars and sea, I have devoted myself to God." Of the great change that came so slowly, he writes to the woman he loved: "Saved; saved from the wild pride and darkling tempests of skepticism; restored to my God and able to believe." "And I do believe firmly and practically as a subject of prayer and a rule of every action of my life."

In this crisis, Carlyle did much to restore his belief in God's government over the world, making a foundation on which Mr. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" and the "Aids" of Coleridge helped toward a re-establishment of faith. He never lost his admiration of Maurice, to whom he said he owed more than to any one else for the clearing of his views from the errors into which he had fallen.

Six months after taking his degree he was settled as curate of Eversley, where he began in a thatched cottage the life among the lowly that lifted him during the next three decades into the mightiest personal influence their lives had ever known. Here, in solitude, so far as congenial companionship

was concerned, using all the abounding energy of his nature in every possible way for the benefit of the simple people about him, passed the year of waiting before he could claim his bride. Here he brought her at last, after he had been made rector, in 1844, and here their life went on for quarter of a century. If space would allow, nothing would be more delightful than to linger in this home from those early days when they began, by finding together in the Bible all the texts relating to relative duties of masters and servants, so as to be sure to be guided by God's Word. They made lovely little rules, also, about talking over and regulating all household expenditures and accounts once a week, and never alluding to them at other times. Whether they kept them or not, they made a beautiful home-life that went on to the day when the two lay each on a bed of sickness, waiting and hoping God would let them go together. Into this life came need of money, and Kingsley tried at different times taking pupils, and his writing was often forced to meet this need. For "Alton Locke" he received only £150 sterling; but "Yeast" brought money from *Fraser's*, though that magazine declined later works on account of "Yeast's" having injured its circulation. His ten years of outspoken talk and labor in which the energy and fierceness of his aggression in the directions of social reform had created prejudices hard to live down. Yet he began to be better understood, and the honor fairly won on scientific and literary fields began to come to him. He was made Queen's Chaplain in 1859, and appointed to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He gave private lectures to the Prince of Wales, and continued his varied labors until 1869, when he resigned the professorship and became Canon of Chester. The experience in this quaintest of old English towns was one of the brightest episodes of Kingsley's life. He loved the old cathedral and its service, though in his youth he had called the cathedral "monuments of elegant and soul-crushing austerity." He became a wonderful power among the people, vivifying young and old with his presence and enthu-

siasm. The boys were wild over his natural history classes, which came to be more and more a delight. He called himself only a "camp follower on the outskirts of the army of science," but he did what is perhaps as well as to supply knowledge—he made other people desire to know. He made it attractive, and every child who knew him was glad to come with insect or blossom or shell, and many of his students went from his lectures to search best authorities for themselves.

From Chester to Westminster Abbey, in 1873, a change that was "all he ever wished, more than he ever dared hope." The death of Norman Macleod had touched him, and that of his master Maurice following so soon seemed to make him realize how fast he was wearing his own life away. So Westminster meant more than honor to himself and opportunity to do much for others. It meant freedom from literary drudgery and time to rest. It meant thorough recovery in the minds of his countrymen from any recollection of the Chartist and the socialist. It came while his aged mother, who had written down his first sermon, could hear her pinafore boy preach to the throng that flocked to the Abbey. It came after his defeat in the Newman controversy, and obliterated some painful recollections. But, pleasant as it was, it came too late. The need of rest had grown imperative. There followed the six months in America, the six months after his return, and then the eternal years.

That, from this notice of a life so interesting, there is omitted any discussion of his books, is partly for lack of space, and partly because they are too well known to require special comment, and partly because the spirit of them is so woven in with all the rest of his living that we seem to get their flavor. Time enough for abstract analysis of his writings when we are less interested in the outside and personal things, by which this recent biography makes him such a reality to us. His claim to be a poet has been left a little out of sight by his fame as a novelist. Yet it was in poetry he made his first literary venture. He wrote the "Saint's Tragedy" in the interval between his degree

and his first curacy, designing it as a wedding gift to his wife. He put more of himself into it than he is able to kindle in others in the reading of it. There is no lack of fervor in utterance. It is full of pathos and intense emotion. It enters eagerly into religious phases of thought of the Middle Ages, and utters its vehement testimony against asceticism and kindred effects of that enthusiasm on different types of mind. Of St. Maura, the story of a martyr crucified by her husband's side, the most that can be said is that a woman's heart must have guided the man's brain while he wrote. We need not talk of the "Sands o'Dee," or the "Three Fishers," or the countless lyrics in which the man found expression for much that was sweetest in him. Following "Yeast," which brought a lively storm about his ears and brought him a "few enemies and many correspondents," came "Alton Locke," severely handled by the press, warmly welcomed by artisans as a true picture of their class and circumstances. He says "it came to him like an inspiration, which he prayed God he might not destroy in the handling." He may have destroyed it so far as his conception of it was concerned, but not for the work it was intended to perform. Neither of these was the work of love that "Hypatia" proved, though it is doubtful whether he would have ever undertaken it but for the need of money. Still he ever speaks as if he found delight in it. He calls her a "little darling" while she is growing in his mind. It required that he should take a curate in order to write, for he could no longer rise at five A. M., and write it before breakfast, as he had done with "Alton Locke." To pay the curate he must take pupils, and, even then, much of his writing and all of his clear copying was done by his wife. "Hypatia" appeared first in *Fraser's*, and when it came out as a book, while it made some more bitter enemies than either the "Saint's Tragedy" or "Yeast," it was yet recognized by thoughtful minds as a valuable page in history, as well as a real work of art. Bunsen writes of it as a most wonderful picture of the inward and outward life of the age it chronicled, and says, in a letter to Kingsley himself,

"You have succeeded in epicizing, poetically and philosophically, one of the most interesting and eventful epochs of the world, clothing the spirits of that age in most attractive fable." The real history was so managed that one almost forgot instruction was on every page. The "Water Babies" does not need a word. It appeared in 1863, dedicated to his youngest son, "Glenville Arthur, and to all other good little boys." Not only "good little boys," but their elders over two continents can testify to its charm. Among other books may be mentioned "At Last," founded on his West Indian experi-

ence, and "Two Years Ago," one of the most popular of his novels. The later work bears the impress of a wearied mind, and lacks the spontaneity and intense individuality with which earlier works were alive. Yet all are worth reading for their strong descriptive force, for their vivid pictures of other times. They are more interesting as evidences of the vehement earnestness with which a manly mind grappled with the problems of his own day in the earnest purpose to diminish the sum of human misery and sin, and to augment the sum of human happiness and good.

RATIONALISTIC VATICANISM.

SOME one has said that every man has a pope within him. It is necessary only to furnish the proper conditions, and an irrepressible pope, emphatically asserting his own infallibility, is sure to be revealed. He may not always be "that man of sin, the son of perdition," of whom Paul wrote; but he is surely distinguished for opposing and exalting himself, often speaking great swelling words, and sometimes uttering anathemas.

There is a Roman Vaticanism, which somewhere speaketh on this wise:

"Faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian faith, for the glory of God our Savior, the exaltation of the Catholic religion, and the salvation of Christian people, the sacred council approving, we teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed, that the Roman pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is, when in discharge of the office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the universal Church, by the divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, is possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that his Church should be endowed for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals; and that therefore such definitions of the Roman pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and

not from the consent of the Church. But if any one—which may God avert—presume to contradict this our definition, let him be anathema.

"Given at Rome in public session solemnly held in the Vatican Basilica in the year of our Lord 1870, July 18th, in the twenty-fifth year of our Pontificate."

And this is doubtless original and model *Vaticanism*.

But there appears to be also a "Protestant Vaticanism,"* which bases itself upon "a summary of the consensus of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith." It often asserts itself in the "Evangelical Alliance," in "Evangelical Conferences," in the "Evangelical Press," and the "Evangelical Pulpit." It proposes that "no one shall be permitted to take part in the proceedings of the Alliance whose sentiments are not understood in advance to be in harmony with the managers." And "so resolute is the determination of the Protestant potentates and powers *par excellence* not to permit the more advanced Christian thinkers of the present epoch to have a calm and candid hearing, that in order to shut them out, these potentates and powers do not scruple to put the

*See *Scribner's Monthly* for September, 1876. Article entitled "Protestant Vaticanism," by Augustus Blauvelt. Our quotations, not otherwise designated, are from that article.

estoppel even upon those less advanced malcontents who undeniably have questions to raise which even the most conservative theologians recognize to be not only perfectly legitimate, but entitled to be considered and judged on their own merits." Nay, more. It is charged that "all traditional theologians, whether Catholic or Protestant, are, to a man, fully determined by every ecclesiastical combination and appliance at their command to enforce their consensus of belief on the consciences and practices of men throughout the Christian world."

Who will presume to deny in the face of such statements that the Popish Vaticanism of Rome has a notable counterpart in the Protestant Vaticanism of Evangelical Christendom? "Most assuredly the broad and fundamental features of community still existing, even in this nineteenth century, between a Protestant Ecclesiastical Conference picked and packed, and a Roman Catholic Council picked and packed, need no further special indications."

There is then a Roman Vaticanism and there is a Protestant Vaticanism. May there not be also other types of Vaticanism? May it not be possible that every distinct system of belief or of doubt has its obstreperous popes? What might be said of even a Chinese or a Buddhist Vaticanism? What of a Mohammedan or a Jewish Vaticanism? There is, perhaps, a materialistic Vaticanism and a Vaticanism transcendental; just as there are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but, of course, the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestrial is another! The common distinguishing feature of all kinds of Vaticanism is, that each one has an irrepressible pope behind it.

We are disposed to believe that there is also a *Rationalistic Vaticanism*. We are told that "there exists among the Christian minority of these United States at least a minority who have far broader and far more catholic convictions concerning Christianity than can honestly be presented, no matter in how able or scholarly a manner, in the presence of the Evangelical Alliance, without being received with angry demonstrations from that body itself." This scholarly

minority consists of "the more advanced Christian thinkers." They seem to entertain no doubt that they have advanced far beyond such as do not see things as they do, and they "stand ready to propose the most revolutionary revisions of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith." One of their representatives, from whom we make these quotations, affirms "most emphatically that the religion of the Bible is not by any means synonymous with Christianity." "Biblical religion is one thing, and Christianity quite another," and "they merely propose in place of a Biblical Church to have the Christian Church."

It is not essential that Vaticanism assert itself in an ecclesiastical conference either at Rome or elsewhere. Its modes of speaking *ex cathedra* may vary according to its peculiar type. The methods and positions of some of these "advanced Christian thinkers" may at times inadvertently reveal in the background a dictatorial pope; a spirit of dogmatism, and a measure of self-assumption in itself as Vatican-like as some other offensive exhibitions of infallibility. It may not be necessary to go outside the article from which we have been quoting to find sufficient illustration. But let it be understood that our purpose is not polemical. Rather as a philosophical diversion, or a psychological study, we examine one phase of "advanced Christian thinking."

We are "most emphatically" told that "the religion of the Bible is not by any means synonymous with Christianity." Perhaps, if we carefully define terms, we may find no issue here over which either Catholic, Protestant, or Rationalist needs dispute. For the writer of the statement seems to be aware that "among Protestant divines some recognition has always been made of the fact that at least not every thing in the Old Testament, or Jewish Scriptures, is of binding force upon the Christian Church." May it not be that Protestant divines have also always held that not every thing in the New Testament, or Christian Scriptures, is of binding force upon the Christian Church? If any question be opened here ought it not to be, What portions of the Bible, whether

of the Old or the New Testament, are binding on the Christian Church?

But "the Jewish Scriptures" are especially repugnant to our author. He avers that "the Old Testament has been bound up in the same volume with the New, as if it were an integral portion of the Christian Gospel." In this statement, however, some might discover two distinct propositions. First, "the Old Testament has been bound up with the New." That fact, we presume, no kind of Vaticanism will deny. And why not add that certain apocryphal books, some which even Rome rejects, have received like honor? Nay, the "Family Record" has been bound up in the same volume; to say nothing of certain pictures that may or may not be "orthodox." But, secondly, why must this fact be supposed to mean that the Old Testament forms "an integral portion of the Christian Gospel?" Possibly some not very advanced Christians might see an appropriateness in this arrangement, and prize the convenience of such a comprehensive volume; while, at the same time, they might never have imagined that any body ever seriously believed there was no difference between the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures.

But again. "The Old Testament has been drawn upon almost *ad libitum* for the determined propositions of the various evangelical confessions of faith, and bodies of divinity; it has been circulated broadcast among all Christian people, and preached from by all evangelical ministers, precisely as if it were to-day as much the authoritative standard in matters of faith and morals to the Christian as it was aforesometimes to the Jew." Very likely. But some will wonder how the Christian Scriptures can escape the same charge. For the New Testament has been in like manner most unscientifically handled. Isolated texts have been quoted *ad libitum* even from the Gospels to sustain "determined propositions," and one has not to go far in any catechism, or creed supplied with proof-texts, without pausing occasionally to wonder what special relevancy the cited proof-text has to the determined proposition. Perhaps sometimes the com-

mon people wonder if their minister seriously believes that his proof-texts sustain the "determined propositions" of his sermon.

"But when we have gone so far as to affirm with Article VII of the Church of England that the Mosaic requisitions touching ceremonies and rites do not bind Christian men, and the like, why should we then stop and say, 'Yet notwithstanding, no Christian man is free from obedience of the commandments which are called moral?'" Or, in other words, if all the Old Testament commandments are not binding, why should we observe any? Suppose we apply the same question to the New Testament. Take the following commandments of Jesus, Paul, and the first great Council: "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one;" "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought to wash one another's feet;" "Let your women keep silence in the churches." The Council, composed of the apostles, the elders, and the whole Church, commanded "these necessary things, that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled." Probably as many divines as accept the Seventh Article believe also that none of these New Testament commandments bind Christian men to-day. But they may believe that, while not designed to be permanent, they did once bind Christians, and may even now be profitable in some way, either "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." (2 Timothy iii, 16.) For some such wholesome uses as are here suggested, possibly the Old Testament as well as the New, may ever retain some authority and value. So we seem not to get beyond our former question, What portions of the Bible, whether of the Old Testament or the New, have any binding force to-day? To some, the logic of the above quotations would seem to make a clean sweep of the whole.

But let us hear this writer further on the relations of the Decalogue to Christianity. "If the entire Gospel evidence be consulted, it will be found that even in regard to the Decalogue, Jesus either dropped out all mention of a requisition,—as, for example, of

idolatry,—or radically changed the nature of the commandment, as in the specific matters of adultery, murder, the Sabbath, and the like." Jesus's conversation with the young man (Matthew xix, 16-19), in which he instanced several of the commandments, but not all, is construed as showing "how little Jesus cared that the Old Testament commandments, as such, should be preserved *en masse*, and in a catalogued form, in the memory of his disciples, as Christians still preserve the Decalogue."

That Jesus epitomized all the law and the prophets into the two great commandments of love is very clear; but probably most Catholic and evangelical divines would fail to see how any of the things above cited goes to establish the writer's proposition, that just as soon as Jesus had fulfilled the Mosaic law "by making it in some general and suggestive way the mere basic point of his own final and permanent code of moral and religious life, then its divine validity, *ipso facto*, had in his view ceased and ceased forever." Some, perhaps, might be so stupid as to ask: Are adultery, therefore, and covetousness no longer interdicted because Jesus, in referring to the Decalogue, either "dropped out all mention" of these matters, or else so dilated on them as to "radically change their nature"? Take for example "the specific matter of adultery." Jesus said: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old times, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." A great many will probably continue to read these words of Jesus, and to be impressed with their spiritual depth and force, yet utterly fail to see how they "radically change the nature of the commandment," or make its old divine validity to cease forever. Possibly some modern heretics may entertain such a notion as that the outward act, which the old Jews called adultery, may be committed, while the Platonic love of the parties lifts their spiritual nature far above and in advance of such ancient groveling thoughts. But it may be doubted if any real Christian thinkers would allow

that Jesus meant to put any such construction on the old commandment.

It is not our purpose to inquire how many of the old commandments have been reproduced in some form in the New Testament. We frankly confess to have been, at times, deeply impressed with the value of certain lessons drawn from the old law, and also from the narrative poetical and prophetic portions of the Old Testament. We can conceive how multitudes might find the old Scriptures quite profitable still for instruction in righteousness. But let us hear the conclusion of Rationalistic Vaticanism upon this subject. "Let it, therefore, be distinctively affirmed that for the indiscriminate uses, as if it were the very Christian Gospel, of the ancient Jewish Scriptures, thus far in all ages and every-where prevalent in the so-called Christian Churches, Jesus nowhere gives any greater sanction, explicit or implied, than he does for the indiscriminate uses, as if it were the very Christian Gospel, of Confucius or the Koran."

Protestant Vaticanism would probably pronounce all this to be a strange medley, and also distinctively affirm that, withal, the assumptions are false and misleading. The Jewish Scriptures have not been used indiscriminately for "the very Christian Gospel," neither "in all ages," nor "every-where in the so-called Christian Churches." It nowhere appears that Jesus made any use of Confucius, and probably he never read the Koran! But he did repeatedly use the Jewish Scriptures for the purpose of correcting and instructing his disciples and others. He used not only what was "written in the law of Moses," but "the prophets and the Psalms;" and to his disciples he "expounded in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." (Luke xxiv, 27, 44.) Such use of the Old Testament made certain hearts "burn," not, probably, from sorrow or indignation that the authority of their old Bible was about to cease forever, but rather from wonder and surprise to find how much it contained concerning Jesus, who was called Christ. And years after Jesus had ascended, his followers used those same Scriptures, not as "the very Christian Gospel," but with

such esteem as to write: "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Nay, a minister of the Gospel is commended thus: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Jesus Christ." Perhaps Protestant Vaticanism has never "accurately apprehended the precise idea of Jesus" touching the value of the ancient Scriptures, but it may "venture to suggest" that "the personal teachings of Jesus in the Gospels" encouraged his immediate followers to put a very high estimate upon the law and the prophets and the Psalms.

We have space to notice only one more dogma of Rationalistic Vaticanism. It is alleged as "a most momentous truth, that between the God of the ancient Jewish theocracy and the God of the new theocracy established by Jesus there exists, in general, the broadest and most fundamental diversity. Take, for example, a salient point or two of contrast existing between the theism of the Decalogue and the theism of the Sermon on the Mount. In the one case we have a Lord God bringing up a special people out of Egypt; in the other, we have a Father in heaven accessible alike to every nation of the world. In the one case we have a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate him; in the other we have a benign Father, who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." To intensify this matter, Mr. Greg is instanced, who "finds himself so recently as 1850 still called upon as a Christian to believe in, adore, and worship a Deity who, as he reads the Old Testament, 'selected one favored people from the rest of his children, sanctioned fraud, commanded cruelty, contended and long in vain with the magic of other gods, wrestled bodily with one patriarch, ate cakes and veal with another, sympathized with and shared in human passions, and manifested scarcely one untainted moral excellence.'"

What will Vaticanism, Romish or Protestant, say to all this? It may not be allowed to cite such New Testament Scriptures as 2 Thessalonians, i, 7: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" or such as Hebrews xii, 29: "Our God is a consuming fire," and then argue that such fearful theism is as bad as any thing in the Old Testament. All this might be ordered out, as the perverted evangelical ideas of a later age, and not authorized by "the personal teachings of Jesus in the Gospels." Still less, perhaps, may it be allowed to range *ad libitum* through the Old Testament to find if that fearful Jewish God might not be also a father of the fatherless, compassionating his children like a father; nay, even showing himself a father to those whom Abraham ignores and Israel acknowledges not. But it might suggest that even "among Protestant divines some recognition has always been made of the fact" that the New Testament revelations of God in Jesus Christ are fuller, clearer, and, in many ways, more enhancing than those of the Old Testament.

But Protestant Vaticanism might turn and deny that "the personal teachings of Jesus in the Gospels" present a theism so very different as to be pronounced a "new and radically subversive conception of Deity." The wise teacher often implies more than he says, and some implications are more forcible than detailed statements. In the sermon on the Mount Jesus spoke of the "danger of hell-fire," and of a broad way that leads to destruction, with many going in it. He spoke emphatically of "that day" when certain parties, claiming to have "done many wonderful works in his name," will be summarily ordered to "depart." Elsewhere in the Gospels he portrays some similar day in which the Son of man will say to certain parties, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." He warned against the "damnation of hell," calling it at times "eternal damnation." He spoke of some terrible offense which could not be forgiven, "neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

Probably Jesus meant something by all this; and Protestant Vaticanism might at least say, in its own defense, that "the personal teachings of Jesus in the Gospels" suggest a Deity very much like the God and Father of ancient Israel.

But what can be done with Mr. Greg's difficulties? He observes that the Old Testament God "selected one favored people from the rest of his children." Indeed! And was that so very unchristian? What shall we then say of Jesus in selecting twelve favored disciples from the rest of the world, and showing special favoritism to three of those? And what partiality and narrowness to say of other Jews, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep." But Jehovah "sanctioned fraud." Is it possible! Where and how? But, then, did not Jesus practice dissimulation? Did not he who claimed to be "the way, the truth, and the life," make as though he would have gone further than Emmaus? Did he not pretend to be unwilling to grant the prayer of the woman of Canaan? Did he not pretend not to know who touched him in the crowd? But Jehovah "commanded cruelty." How much worse cruelty than Jesus exhibits when he portrays himself as sending forth his angels and gathering out of his kingdom them that offend him, and casting them into a furnace of fire? But the Jewish God "contended, and long in vain, with the magic of other gods." Yes; but he finally triumphed, and put the magicians to shame, whilst the only begotten Son of God, in spite of all his mighty works, was finally overcome by his enemies and crucified between two thieves. But the Old Testament God "wrestled bodily with one patriarch." And why not add, *and the patriarch prevailed*? Yet how much different is this from Jesus's idea of a God prevailed on by the importunity of those who cry day and night unto him? And the eating of "cakes and veal" may be paralleled by the broiled fish and honey-comb, which were eaten by the risen Christ, who declared, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Did Jehovah "sympathize with and share in human passions?" Jesus, the Son of God,

was very human, and yet he declared, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." What! In such a tirade of invective as he utters against the Scribes and Pharisees (Matthew xxiii) does he exhibit the passions of the Father? Can the benign Father approve, while the passionate Son cries, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

But we must not linger. Probably the advanced thinking which fails to find in the Old Testament Deity "scarcely one untainted moral excellence" might succeed by similar effort in failing to find any thing very God-like in Jesus Christ. Such a success probably *Jewish* Vaticanism has already attained. And when Rationalistic Vaticanism "revolts at such a shocking theism (as Mr. Greg portrays) still offered to a cultured Christian spirit more than eighteen centuries after Jesus had explicitly striven to displace it by the far different and far higher order of theism developed in his personal teachings," Protestant Vaticanism will probably aver that Jesus's methods of displacing the Jewish theism were singularly ambiguous and unsuccessful.

Now, after all these charges, so ominous to Biblical theology, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. "If it be more specifically inquired what theistic conceptions of the ancient Jewish Scriptures Jesus designed to perpetuate, and what to abrogate, the evidence we think will bear out the general observation that he designed to abrogate every one of those conceptions which can rightfully prove revolting to the most cultured modern mind."

We have, all along, kept suggesting or reverting to the question, What portions of any of the Scriptures, Old Testament or New, have any binding force upon the Christian? The logic of our writer would seem to some to make a clean sweep of all. But here, at last, we discover the touchstone by which Rationalistic Vaticanism determines what is pure Christianity; namely, "The most cultured modern mind." Our writer, indeed, reminds himself that even the doctrine of "a personal God" is "more or less repugnant to not a few in modern times." Neverthe-

less, he will stand to his proposition, and there, probably, Protestant Vaticanism will have to let him stand.

We have written, not for argument, but for illustration. The varying phases of Vaticanism afford an interesting study. We revert to our former proposition that every man has a pope within him. And if Pope Protestant attempts to wrestle with Pope Rationalistic in order to decide who owns "the most cultured modern mind," there is no telling who may get floored.

Some people have fancied that the most cultured minds are given to such modesty as naturally to shrink from self-assumption. The writer from whom we have quoted alleges that in *Scribner's Monthly* he "published certain papers entitled *Modern Skepticism*," and therein "charged in substance that the Evangelical clergy of this country can take no intelligent part in modern Christian apologetics, as against the transatlantic forms of doubt, without a prolonged, silent, and special preparation." His charges were met with many denunciations, "but in the midst of all this display of Protestant Vaticanism, the Evangelical clergy of the entire country most persistently failed to do just those specific things which it was alleged they were incapable of doing. Not one of them . . . came to the front and volunteered to take up specified subjects at issue between Christianity and the various transatlantic leaders of anti-Christian movements, in order to demonstrate his personal ability to do intelligent work in behalf of Christianity." Hear, then, ye "Protestant potentates and powers," and understand that if a skeptical writer publishes charges like those alleged above, and ye "come not to the front," nor make attempt to reply "in order to demonstrate your personal ability" in the matter, such important omissions are doubtless as certain proof that ye are a set of incapables, as the fact that Jesus "one day instanced barely" six out of the ten commandments proves that he never intended or cared that the Decalogue should be preserved for Christians "in a catalogued form."

Our writer is sure that no thorough scholar

can take up the questions "at issue between modern thought and traditional theology," sift them "in a fair and square and scholarly way," and arrive at "an evangelical conclusion." His Vaticanism declares it can't be done. He is persuaded that the Protestant potentates and powers, the Evangelical clergy and the vast majority of our Christian families "know next to nothing of what has happened in the moral and religious world since the halcyon days of Calvin, Knox, and Luther." Froude is quoted as saying: "If medicine had been regulated three hundred years ago by Act of Parliament; if there had been thirty-nine Articles of Physic, and every licensed practitioner had been compelled, under pains and penalties, to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry the Eighth's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what a state of health the people of this country would at present be found." And then the following remark is added: "Owing to the immense advances in religious thought and information which have been developing during a whole century past, especially in Germany, it is as true in theology as in medicine, that Dr. Butts & Co., are—a trifle out of date."

It is almost amusing to read in this connection, from one of the most scholarly periodicals of our country, such statements as the following, written about the time our writer was waiting for some American clergyman to "come to the front" and demonstrate his personal ability to cope with modern thought, "especially in Germany."

"Who does not know the history of the defeat of skeptical school after skeptical school on the rationalistic side of the field of exegetical research? The naturalistic theory was swallowed by the mythical theory, and the mythical by the tendency theory, and the tendency by the legendary theory, and each of the four by time. Strauss laughs at Paulus, Baur at Strauss, Rénan at Baur, the hour-glass at all. 'Under his guidance,' says Strauss of Paulus, 'we tumble into the mire: and assuredly dross, not gold, is the issue to which his method of interpretation generally leads.' 'Up to the present day,' says Baur of Strauss, 'the

mythical theory has been rejected by every man of education.' 'Insufficient,' says Rénan of Baur, 'is what he leaves existing of the Gospels to account for the faith of the apostles.' He makes the Pauline and Petrine factions account for the religion, and the religion account for the Pauline and Petrine factions. 'Criticism has run all to leaves,' said Strauss, in his bitter disappointment at the failure of his final volume.

"In the German universities the rationalistic lecture-rooms are now empty, and the evangelical crowded; while fifty or eighty years ago the rationalistic were crowded and the evangelical empty. Histories of the rise, progress, and decline of German Rationalism have been appearing for the last fifteen years in the most learned portions of the literature of Germany. Such teachers as Tholuck, Julius Müller, Dorner, Twisten, Ullmann, Langè, Rothe, and Tischendorf, most of whom began their professorships with great unpopularity in their universities on account of their opposition to rationalist views, are now particularly honored on that very account. . . . In the field of exegetical research, while Rationalism has caused the discovery of many new facts, and the adoption of a new method, the naturalistic theory by Paulus, the mythical theory by Strauss, the tendency theory by Baur, and the legendary theory by Rénan have been so antagonistic to each other as to be successively outgrown both by Christian and by rationalistic scholarship.

"Nor have the attacks of Rationalism been an unmixed evil. A doctrine of the intuitions, basis of all ethical and metaphysical research, has been established by Kant. A doctrine of conscience, growing up from the Kantian theory of the intuitions, is acquiring a height of outlook from which the far-sighted already descry the scientific inference of the necessity of an atonement. A doc-

trine of sin, built on the doctrine of conscience, has been made by Julius Müller to unlock all theology. A doctrine of the personality of God has been founded upon the Kantian analysis of the intuitions, and has already supplied the chief deficiencies of Kant's own system, besides undermining the Pantheism of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. A system of criticism has grown up in relation to every thing historical in Christianity; and exegetical research has been placed upon a thoroughly scientific basis. A series of discoveries has been made, illuminating at important points the records of the origin of Christianity, and carrying back the date of the chief documents a full half of a century, narrowing by so much the previously too narrow space used by the skeptical theory to account for the growth of myths and legends, and so shutting the colossal shears of chronology upon the latest deftly woven web of historical doubt. . . .

"I commend this German theological battle-field to the timid and to the hopeful who go out to walk and meditate in the world's eventide. . . . I do not respect any proposition merely because it is ancient, or in the mouths of majorities. But I do respect propositions that have seen honest and protracted battle, but not defeat. The test of the soundness of scholarship is that it should contend with scholarship, not once or twice, but century after century, and come out crowned." (*Bibliotheca Sacra*, October, 1875. Page 767, ff.)

We abstain from hazarding any prophecy about the destinies of that "great Christian Church of the future, dimly, but only dimly, outlined, faintly, but only faintly, adumbrated, in the paper" in *Scribner's Monthly* from which we have so largely drawn. We fear that should we assume to prophesy, some irrepressible pope within us might seem to dictate all our oracles.

THAT BOY: WHO SHALL HAVE HIM?

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CHAPTER XV.—THE PORTRAIT.

AMONG the treasures that Mrs. Leighton had saved from the ruins of her Eastern home was a beautiful life-size portrait of her husband, which she had cut out of its frame and stowed away in the one small portmanteau which held the sum total of the earthly goods belonging to the widow and her son.

In the days of their comparative prosperity in Poverty Lane, a miserable wreck of a man stumbled into the store one afternoon bearing on his haggard face and in his wasted form the marks of disease and sin. It was evident he had accomplished a long and terrible descent to reach his present level,—such a strange proclivity for falling as we seem to have; a family trait, no doubt—and having reached the status of a besotted, homeless, penniless vagabond, in the last stages of consumption, brought on by dissipation and exposure, he was a walking demonstration of human depravity. As to his body, he was half-dead already; as to his mind, he had been crazed by repeated horrors of *dæturium tremens*; and as to his soul, he had abandoned all hope long ago. His guardian angel must have wept herself blind over him, if the angels did not have better eyes than we do; and it must have been some good angel who led him to the shop where John Mark Leighton sold dry goods, groceries, and notions.

"I am out of money; but for the love of God give me a gill of rum," was the salutation of the wanderer.

"We do n't sell liquor," was the reply; "but is there nothing else we can do for you, for the love of God?"

The man stared; it was the first gentle word that had fallen on his dull ears for many a day. Then, with a different voice, which told of good breeding and the former manners of a gentleman, he said:

"If I could find any one who loved God well enough to give me, for his sake, a quiet

corner in which to rest, and die; and a promise not to bury me quite like a pauper, it is all I would ask of this world I have done so much to disgrace."

The man was evidently in earnest; beyond all question he had but a few days to live, and the merchant, bethinking himself that here was a rare opportunity of making an investment, the account of which would be speedily borne in person to the Proprietor whose steward he held himself to be, took the stranger in, gave him a little room in his own house to die in, and a comfortable bed to die on, and the poor man, after a long session in the bath, and with clean linen in place of that which Mrs. Leighton had burned, lay down to take what rest he could before beginning what, as he supposed, awaited him, the endless and fruitless labors of a lost soul.

When his host came in to know if there were not still something more he could do for him, for the love of God, he answered:

"Nothing that human hands can do. I am clean once more. Thank God for that. I could not bear the thoughts of being buried with a foul body, even though there is such a miserable soul in it. I used to be a gentleman, and it is a greater favor than I can tell you to let me start for perdition from a white bed, and from under a Christian roof, instead of from some ditch or stable, as I had expected."

Then he slept; slept so long that they thought he would sleep his life away; but after nearly thirty-six hours he opened his eyes and saw his benefactor standing over him with a look so kind and brotherly that for an instant he seemed to be in a confused state of surprise and joy.

"Hark! Don't expose me! You are good and kind. They have brought me to the wrong place; I belong down there; but let me stay! Oh let me stay! and I'll promise not to disgrace you any more. Do n't you

remember? You died for us poor people once!"

Then he began to study the face that bent over him to see if he could find any marks of the thorns; and took up the hand that was tenderly laid on his forehead and looked in the palm for the print of the nail. Then failing to find it, he awoke more fully, and perceiving that he was not in heaven after all, and that it was not Jesus Christ who was bending over him, but that he had only got back again into this world of sin and sorrow, he gave a long deep sigh as if his heart would break, and said, mournfully, almost bitterly:

"Another hope gone—like all the rest."

Then his memory awoke, and as the visions of his long slumber came back to his mind, his face lighted up again; for in his sleep he had heard a voice which he had forgotten years ago; a voice of a plain, earnest man, pleading with a great multitude of people, of which he was one, to bring all their sins with them and come to the Savior. They were assembled in a forest with a circle of white tents around them; it was in the night, and lamps were hanging from the trees, which in his dream he had thought to be stars hung low. There were lights in the tents also, which shone through the canvas, and, in his dream, he had taken them for tabernacles built of the material they use in the New Jerusalem, "fine gold, like unto clear glass."

The preacher had been telling them, among other things, the story of the Transfiguration; and saying that this glorious face and figure of the Son of God was a portrait, or statue, placed in the Bible gallery to show redeemed sinners the pattern of what they might sometime hope to be. He remembered how he had knelt beside a great rock, of which they had made a rude altar under the trees, and how the minister,—they said his name was Hooper,—had knelt and prayed by his side; and how a strange sense of joy and rest had sprung up in his soul as for the first time in his life, he had opened his lips in prayer. "God be merciful to me a sinner," was the prayer he had uttered; he could remember the whole of it perfectly.

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It was years and years ago. In those years had first sprung up ambition, then success and praise and flattery; then pride; then dissipation; then poverty; then degradation; till there was only just enough humanity left of him so that the angels and the devils did not altogether forget him; mankind had erased his name from their books a great while ago.

It was a merciful dream. Along its path came a blessing, like the light and warmth and welcome that stream out into the darkness from a cottage doorway, suddenly opened after nightfall at the sound of a long-forgotten voice at the garden-gate.

Rest and care, and, most of all, love brought back to the poor dying man a fitful glow of life; and during those days while his host became his teacher also in the mysteries of grace, he asked for canvas and brushes and colors; and when they heard that he had once been an artist, and that his hand had been thought skillful almost to magic, Mrs. Leighton insisted on having his wish gratified, which was to paint the portrait of the man who had dragged him out of the grave of despair and pointed out to him the resurrection and the life. His list of requisites for his work included the item of gold color; what he could want of that on a sober portrait was more than the woman could imagine, but she followed his directions religiously, and brought him all the coveted implements of his art.

When he sat up before the old-fashioned high-backed arm-chair which served him for an easel, and took his palette on his left hand and a brush in his right, his eye lighted up with a strange fire; his nerves, which had been shattered and trembling, became firm and steady as with bold and rapid strokes he traced the outline of the noble head and the broad shoulders of him whom he had once mistaken for the Son of man.

Day after day he worked at his task; every day more eagerly because his strength gave out sooner; but at last the picture was finished, and with his last touch to the canvas the painter fell to the floor like one dead. They lifted him tenderly, and composed his body as people are wont to do at

such times; but all at once he sprang up, called for his brushes and his palette and his canvas; and when they were brought he rapidly traced in the margin the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me;" then filling his brush with the color of gold he encircled the face with an aureole or "glory," as the old painters used to call it, whereby they were wont to distinguish the heads of saints from those of common people. It was drawn with a steady hand, and in so nearly an exact circle that it seemed almost a miracle. Then he gave his work one last, long look, as if it were a real and not a painted face, pressed his white lips to it reverently, and gave it his benediction thus:

"A dying beggar's blessing on thee—Amen!" and in an instant more he was dead.

His funeral was a very small one, but it was not a pauper's funeral: the half dozen people who in every village always go to all funerals just because they are funerals looked at him as he lay in his decent shroud and coffin, and went away wondering at the look of repose which was frozen into the clay. They need not have wondered, though, if they had only believed that the Son of God actually meant what he said when he invited the tired ones to come and find rest in him. Here was a soul and body overburdened with its load of sin, yoked up with sorrow, and stumbling through the years under its hardness and heaviness; and if the Son of God was really in earnest with us, and not talking mere rhetoric, this was just the one he meant by his invitation in his Sermon on the Mount. This heavy-laden one had come to the Burden Bearer, and exchanged his sin for pardon, his fear for faith, his death for life: no wonder the poor tired vagabond felt rested by it; rested so perfectly and so sweetly that the dead face showed the marks of it through the seams and mildews which it had taken on during those twenty wretched years.

If the dying artist had not drawn that saintly circle round the face, Mrs. Leighton would have hung the portrait in her little parlor, for it was as if the man himself had

suddenly looked out of the canvas. The expression was inexpressible in words. If its complexion had been dark, it would have been taken for a good Samaritan, even without the accessories of a waylaid and wounded Jew, a saddled ass, and sundry bottles of oil and wine; the fact was, the painter had caught the very look which was on his benefactor's face as he bent over the beggar just awakening from his long and heavy slumber, and which had, at first, misled the poor man into the thought that he was dead; and that by some mistake he had been brought to heaven, where the Savior was bending compassionately over him and trying to think of some reason for letting him stay. But the glory line about the face was sure to lead to curious questioning on the part of all the simple folk who might see it, and for this reason she kept the portrait in their own private room.

After a while it became more than a picture to her, almost a presence; and when her husband was away, the wife would pay it frequent visits, study its expression, which after awhile, as she thought, began to change according to the changing feelings and fortunes of her absent idol. If he were sick she saw it in the portrait, and then she would bring her work and sit beside it and eagerly watch for signs of recovery; if something had greatly pleased or prospered him in his journey, she saw it in the eyes that looked out of the canvas almost as plainly as she did in his own eyes when he came home and told her the good news. Sometimes as she studied it earnestly she caught a sad, half-reproving look which spoke of some great loss in bygone years; some great opportunity wasted, it might have been, whose memory thus haunted the man and harrowed up the soul of the woman; for, at such times, she would kneel before the picture with clasped hands as if it were some one whom she had wronged, and whose pardon she implored, not with words, indeed, but with bitter, penitent tears.

After her husband died, and her wrath at Heaven for taking him had been a little appeased, the picture became a shrine; and, before she learned to pray to the Lord, she

used to pray before it as good Catholics do before the pictures of their patron saints; and even after, though she no longer tried to make her husband her intercessor before the throne, having found a better Advocate. Still she did not wholly lose her sense of a loving, helpful presence which often seemed to look upon her tenderly out of those deep blue eyes; and, more than this, she used to watch the portrait for signs of present or coming good or evil either to herself or her son.

It is not the business of this story to explain these singular relations between objects animate and inanimate, but I have known at least one other picture and one other woman that had this same mysterious faculty between them; therefore I am not inclined to doubt the virtues of John Mark Leighton's portrait, when studied by the widow's worshipful eyes.

In her Western home, given her through a kind providence in which Elder Hooper's had been the chief visible hand, the picture hung where it was the first object that caught her waking eyes; and sometimes, with the rising sun looking in at the East window, and pouring its flood of light full upon that wonderful face, it seemed rather the portrait of some angel than of one of our own mortal race. The days that had this beginning were good days. Whether Sundays or common days, they always brought her some benediction, temporal or spiritual, or both; but if there seemed to be a cloud over the face, as sometimes happened, she was accustomed to pray right earnestly for extra grace and strength, feeling certain that both would soon be needed.

One morning, about a month after Johnny entered on his literary career, when she awoke she was shocked at the strange expression in the portrait, as if it were oppressed with anxiety over some impending evil. She sprang out of bed, rushed to the picture and gazed till her eyes were blind with tears, to fathom the meaning of this mournful mystery.

"Something must be wrong with his son," she said; "nothing else could make him wear such a face."

With all haste she began to make preparations for a visit to the farm; but before herself and her horse and her conveyance were all in readiness, the sunny countenance of Mr. Zachariah Goodsmith beamed in upon her, putting half her troubles to flight by assuring her of Master Johnny's excellent health, and enlarging with grandfatherly pride on his wonderful progress in knowledge under the never-to-be-sufficiently-praised Professor Layard. Then she thought she had mistaken the meaning of the portrait, and excusing herself for a moment, she went and studied it again; but it had not changed; the look of anxiety was there still. What could it mean?

Since the health of the boy was sound, and his progress in his books was satisfactory, if there was any thing wrong with him, it must be with his conduct, or, still worse, with his deeper spiritual nature. Of his good behavior Goody Zach spoke in high praise, even going so far as to remark that Johnny was "not quite so mischeevous as he used to be." The next point was one on which this good man might not be able to enlighten her; but, remembering how her son had exhausted his dictionary in praising his instructor, she thought it well to inquire more minutely into the kind of influence that young man was exercising over him.

Mr. Layard had not opened his mind at large to the two old people concerning his "advanced views," lest their deep-seated prejudices in favor of orthodox religion might be turned against himself; but, as has already appeared, he had dropped sundry remarks which showed his want of confidence in the antiquated notions of the prophets and apostles, and his lofty outreach after "the absolute," "the infinite," and "the unknown and unknowable force." Thus it was that when the widow pressed her inquiries closely with respect to the religious status of the new schoolmaster, his chief director was forced to admit that he did talk "a leetle different" from the preachers he had heard in his younger days; but that must be "owin' to his bein' a college larnt man."

At once the widow's resolution was taken. She would bring both teacher and pupil

together under her own eye, where there were no other influences about them, and study the problem for herself. The coming Saturday would be a holiday at the Lake Bluff Academy, and she exacted a promise from her good-natured kinsman to send the two young people to visit her on that day, expressly stipulating that no one else was to come with them. Goody thought of the risk there would be in such an arrangement, that is, risk to his pair of fat old horses. But, seeing the widow so much in earnest, he agreed, took a verbal message to Johnny, and a courteous note of invitation to Mr. Layard, beyond which he was to say absolutely nothing on the subject of the proposed visit.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. ALEXANDER LAYARD IN "CHARACTER."

IT was one of Mr. Layard's chief accomplishments to make himself agreeable to ladies; not so much to ladies of his own age—any nice young fellow could do that; but to elderly and sedate ladies whose experience and culture had given them great judgment in human nature. For a young scapegrace like himself to gain the approbation of such persons was a standing joke against them which afforded him no little amusement.

He would attend a sewing society, for instance, or any other such dignified social assembly, where he was not personally known, and afterwards chuckle over his success in duping pious old ladies by means of his talents "in character," as he termed it. He had frequently gotten himself up as a devout young gentleman with poetic turn of mind, and played his part with remarkable success; he had even taken the pains to memorize a number of hymns and semi-religious sonnets, and a good many passages of Scripture, all of which he used on such occasions with most edifying effect. This task was an easy one; for he was blessed with a quick and retentive memory, whereby he had often saved himself from disgrace in his classes, and hurried glances at his text-books after the bell had rung for recitation, or even while another man was reciting.

He had heard not a little of the distinguished dignity and beauty of Mrs. Leigh-

ton, and, on receiving her courteous note, he inwardly resolved to lay himself out to gain her confidence and admiration, to which purpose nothing seemed so well suited as his "character" religion. True, his pupil might be surprised at it, but it would only increase the lad's admiration for his versatile and brilliant master.

He had n't brought the boy very far along as yet, in the way he should not go, though he had given him some rudimentary principles to think upon; for example, the absolute moral independence of mind; the normal function of doubt as the only philosophical initial attitude of the human intellect toward all statements or doctrines, from whatever source; observation the final test of apparent truth; submission to the universal and impersonal reign of law as the ultimate form of the religious idea. But Johnny hated preachers and preaching, even the preaching of "advanced news" by such an eminent expounder as Professor Layard, which accounted for the slow progress of that gentleman's experiment of testing his doctrines on a healthy intellect not preoccupied with religious superstition. The boy's mind answered the requirements well enough, but he did not take to theology. They had indeed laughed together over the slow sermons in the little meeting-house at the cross-roads, where Johnny attended by command of his mother, and his master in the capacity of philosopher and critic. The boy's hatred of ministers he regarded as a very hopeful sign,—a promise of great liberality in future years. As for the pupil, he was so fully and blindly a worshiper of his brilliant teacher, that even his theology or his "egotheism," as it should be called, was beginning to make an impression on him.

On the appointed Saturday Goody Zach, with sore misgivings, harnessed his dear old nags into his heaviest farm wagon, hid the whip, and with repeated injunctions to "drive slow and not worry 'em," he sent the two prodigies off together. The road was straight for half a mile, and he watched the team as it jogged along with as much steadiness as if himself and Aunt Charity

had been behind them; but when he lost sight of them behind a grove of black jacks at a turn of the road, he gave a deep sigh as if he feared his dear old servants would miss and mourn their old master: and so, indeed, they did; for the journey they were used to make in five hours they accomplished that day in two.

Once out of sight, Mr. Layard cut a lively switch, and, standing up in the wagon, which Goody had sent them in, with the hope that its terrible bumping would prevent fast driving, assumed the character of driver of an English stage-coach on one of the fast mail lines; while Johnny, for want of a horn, enlivened the journey with spirited tattoos on the dash-board, and several zoölogical concerts, in which he imitated with wonderful accuracy every loud-voiced bird and beast he knew of, from the crow of a barn-yard cock to the gasping shriek of Hans Buhldershutzen's mule.

To state the case mildly, these two young persons succeeded in having a good time.

It was with round-eyed wonder that the boy beheld the vivacious coachman suddenly transformed into the likeness of an embryo parson when he proudly introduced him to his mother as "my professor." The day passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Leighton, with her womanly tact, seeking to put the stranger perfectly at ease, as if such an effort could ever be necessary on behalf of Mr. Alexander Layard, he all the while believing himself to be making rapid progress in her good graces. He had been a little cautious at first lest she might have heard of his pretensions as a civil engineer, in which case it would not be quite appropriate to be a *very* devout young man; but finding no traces of such knowledge in her conversation, he gave himself up to his "character" with the utmost assurance, as being the shortest and surest road to the widow's admiration and esteem.

At first that lady was really happy to find the tutor of her son such a model, both in manners and morals. She had not been long in discovering that Johnny was completely carried away captive by him, and as she watched them, without seeming to do so,

she began to suspect that his captivity was a very dangerous one; though just where the danger lay she was not able to decide. Therefore she sought to draw out the young man, and encourage him to open his whole heart and mind for her inspection, taking mental note of his every word and glance and tone.

A lunch had been set out for the two hungry travelers immediately on their arrival, and, after a late dinner or early supper, all preparations for which had been made in advance, so as to leave the hostess all the time possible for the solving of her problem, they were to take their departure.

As the time drew near Mr. Layard, finding how deep an impression his religious discourse was making, quite exhausted his stock of sacred poetry and brought forth every word of Scripture he could think of; and then, as she seemed to be more and more edified, and continued the same line of conversation, he began to doubt whether he were not overdoing his "character," the resources of which were now well-nigh exhausted. He therefore sought to turn the talk into a more worldly channel; but as often as he led away from the original topic his hostess brought him back to it again with a naturalness and aptness which would have been charming if it had not been embarrassing. Then she began to ask for his views on certain matters of religious experience, themes with which a thoughtful young theologian was, of course, familiar, and Mr. Layard, for fear of getting out of his "character," was led into personal professions of grace and piety, which Johnny, who had till then taken little interest in the conversation, heard with evident amazement, and when his teacher began to tell his experience after the manner he had once heard in a class-meeting, the stock phrases of which he had treasured up along with the hymns, etc., the boy's tell-tale face began to gather blackness, even against his master, who was so shamefully deceiving his mother.

Then she saw it all. Here was genius, impudence, youth, power, just the combination to take firmest hold of such a youth as Johnny. And this fellow who held him fast,

body, mind, and soul, was capable of deliberate impiety.

At first he had signaled to the boy, Keep quiet; we will have some sport out of this. Then he looked again as if to say, "For pity's sake, do n't expose me." Then his eyes said, "Do n't be angry; I mean no harm by it." Next they indicated, "Hang it; I wish I were out of this." And finally they implored, "Help! make some diversion or I shall be disgraced."

The mother saw and read every glance, though she seemed to be in the most calm and introspective frame of mind in view of the gracious discourse of Mr. Layard. Here, then, was the danger of which she had been warned. This brilliant, conscienceless hypocrite had both the power and opportunity of ruining her son. What should she do? To take the boy away from him and so break his toils by force would only leave the meshes of mischief more tightly tied. To try argument with her son would avail nothing; such hero-worship does not have its roots in reason; to appeal to his captor to release him would be asking an impossibility; there seemed to be only hope, only one way to deliver her darling from the snare of this fowler; namely, to push him on with his part till one of two results should be reached: either he would break down in real horror and penitence in view of his wickedness, in which case she might save them both, or he would collapse through want of power in his conception of the "character," in which case he would be disgraced and become weak, in Johnny's eyes, like any other man.

As she left the room for a moment, the *quasi* devotee to piety breathed freer, but when she returned she held a picture in her arms; and, placing it where the afternoon sun shone full upon it, she invited Mr. Layard to sit down before it, study it carefully, and be prepared to give her his opinion of it, while she made ready the dinner for her guests.

Layard was now himself a captive. His first glance at the portrait showed him it was no common piece of work; the aureole round it led him to think it a religious pic-

ture, but when he asked Johnny who it was the lad answered, reverently:

"That is my father in heaven."

There was something like a reproof, also, in the voice of the lad; for, to him, the portrait of his father was a sacred thing; indeed, his reverence for his father, his love for his mother, and a certain pride of honesty which he had inherited from them both, comprised at this time the sum total of Johnny's religion.

There was nothing now for Mr. Layard to do but study the portrait with a view to further distinguishing himself in the eyes of his hostess and pupil as an art critic. Indeed, this was one of the points upon which he prided himself. He had once fallen in with a strolling painter at a wretched tavern, from whose half-drunken discourse he had picked up a few professional phrases. Besides, at the Grand Trunk University there was a college of drawing, and another college of painting, and another college of sculpture and modeling, in which latter he had often amused himself by making statuette caricatures of some of the faculty and students in clay, and setting them up for objects of general merriment. Sometimes he would attach to them such names as "Julius Caesar," "Socrates," "Cresus," "Falstaff," or some other classic or dramatic title. In each instance the *unlikeness* of the original to the historic character furnishing the point to the jest.

But here was a picture which seemed to criticise him. Those eyes startled him, first by their beauty, then by their power, then by something supernatural that seemed to look out through them. It was as if this absent husband and father had suddenly come back from glory and detected him in his attempt at deceiving his wife and making an atheist of his son. He was almost frightened; could not take his eyes off those eyes, yet they grew intensely terrible to him. His conscience, that element of his nature which thus far had given but little account of itself, was awakening. He was afraid first of the picture, then of himself.

"The father of your pupil, here," said the widow, as she returned to the little parlor

and took note of the young man's helpless wonder. Then she took up the portrait and carried it out; but when Mr. Layard was called to his place at table the portrait hung on the wall, where he had the dead father and the living mother of his pupil both before him.

"You will say grace, Mr. Layard," said the widow, in a clear, calm voice, which sounded almost like a command.

His "character" required it, and he recited the words, "For what we are about to receive will the Lord make us truly thankful;" doing it with much rhetorical effect. "Amen!" said the widow, reverently, but the boy was speechless with surprise.

"While you are taking your dinner let me tell you the story of the portrait," said the hostess; then in a sweet low voice, as if in the presence of him whom she loved more than all the world, she related the little history already given, keeping her eyes, meanwhile fixed on her listener, who seemed greatly agitated by it.

Aunt Charity had often remarked what a good appetite the schoolmaster had for a young man in such delicate health, but for once he could not eat. He sat in awe and silence, feeling that the blue eyes of the father and the black eyes of the mother were looking through and through him; ready once or twice to throw himself on their mercy and confess his hypocrisy; but confession of his faults was not one of the things he had learned at the Grand Trunk University, or anywhere else. Finally, he roused himself to desperate resistance, his vanity triumphed over his conscience, and he braced himself for the few remaining minutes of the scene.

The supper and the story being ended, the widow lifted a napkin at the side of her tray and displayed a book, the sight of which almost drove the schoolmaster to despair. It was a Bible.

"Mr. Layard," said she solemnly, "when he was alive he used to be the priest of the household; since he has gone we have been without a household ministry, except when some godly man came to be our guest. Take this book and read from it as he used

to do; and then lead us all in prayer for grace to do our duty to the living and the dead."

If the earth had opened under him at that moment his first impression would doubtless have been one of relief; but it did not open. After all his acting he *must* pray, or else confess his crime and folly. He took the book from the widow's hand, opened it at random, and began to read:

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

Strange that he should stumble on that passage! But he had started to read in sudden desperation and was half-way through the first line before he knew what it was.

He read as long as he dared, and then stood up and put himself in the attitude of prayer. At this the boy was so much shocked that he was about to spring upon him and denounce him for a liar and a cheat, but his mother motioned him to be quiet.

With evident effort, the wretched man began his "character" prayer, using first, in his confusion, a form he had once heard at a masonic funeral; then catching his breath, he started out again with the confession, "We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," at which the widow sobbed out "Amen!" She thought that at last the hard heart had softened, and that he was going to break down in penitence, and so be saved after all; but after saying all he could think of in that direction, he began the Paternoster; forgot that too, and after some Latin sentences from the Missal, he finished with the apostolic benediction.

After this *finale* to his "character," Mrs. Leighton, with her usual courtesy, assisted the two young persons with their preparations for departure. She did not seem to have noticed the incoherence of the praying; had not noticed it very much, being herself in an agony of prayer for him who was taking holy words and holy names in vain. But as for the boy, his heart had sunk within him; and when the mockery was over, he was weeping as if some great calamity had befallen him.

"Let me stay with you, mother—at least till Monday," he said; and she answered, "No, my son," as calmly as if nothing had happened.

But something had happened. From that hour the spell was broken. The teacher's power over his pupil was like a hand that used to have a grip of iron, but now, though perfect outwardly, was unhinged in every joint and broken in every bone. He might thereafter teach the boy geometry and Latin, but never, never more could he teach him "advanced views" of religion.

She felt assured that her own son was safe now, but what was to become of the other?

Who was to pray for him, and love him and save him?

"I will do it myself," she said. She was not sure but she owed it to the young man to do this for him; for had she not urged him further than he would have dared to go in his wicked way? The thought began to be oppressive.

All that night the widow prayed, first for her own son, and then for the other; and when the morning light fell upon that wonderful portrait, she saw that the danger signal had given place to a look of almost infinite pity. She was right then: *he* would help her to save them both.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE discovery of this long buried continent aroused the world from a slumber of ages, and courts and camps at once bestirred themselves in active preparations for conquest and glory. The announcement that a vast country had been found in the unknown West, where gems and gold were abundant as the pebbles on ocean's shores, unsettled men's minds, so that a tide of excitement swept over the Old World, moving them as three hundred years later the people of this country were moved by the discovery of the yellow dust under the wheels of Sutter's saw-mill in California. Kings and prelates were frenzied with the greed of gold. The wildest projects were conceived for possession and conquest.

The Pope, as lord paramount of the whole earth, claimed the right to dispose of the new continent at his pleasure, and accordingly the Papal seat was besieged by beggars for grants of territory. But adopting the principle of modern politicians, that to the victors belong the spoils, the Pope and the monarchs of Europe proceeded with all haste to distribute the several portions of a territory, of the geography and extent of which they knew scarcely more than of the moon. At length, however, the search for plunder gave place to schemes of trade and colonization. As early as 1665 the French had pushed

their explorations from the St. Lawrence along the shores of the great lakes of the West. Another element, even more potent than the thirst for gold, was brought forward to push the labor of exploration and conquest,—a burning zeal to convert the nations to the faith and practices of the Holy Catholic Church. Religious enthusiasm did what the love of gold failed to do. The Jesuit missionaries pushed forward into dangers and sufferings which find no parallel since apostolic times. For a period of twenty years the French had been settled in Canada before this wonderful exploration of the great West was undertaken.

Claude Allouez, a Jesuit priest, led the way. In a single birch canoe, accompanied by two Indians, he explored Lakes Huron and Superior, paddled up many of the rivers flowing into these lakes, and, returning safely, gave an account of his voyage which stirred the world like the preaching of the crusades. In 1679 the heroic but unfortunate La Salle constructed a small shallop, the first keel that ever cut the waters of these inland seas, in which he explored Lake Erie, and then, descending the Illinois, sailed out upon the bosom of the mighty Mississippi, which he explored to its mouth, returning in safety to Canada. The same courageous adventurer, in a subsequent attempt to find the

mouth of the great river from the sea, discovered Texas, where he commenced a settlement, which was soon abandoned on account of the death of its founder. These discoveries were thought to be a sufficient ground for a claim to the immense valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. Scores of French Jesuits poured in among the Indians, partaking of their fare, and sleeping in their wigwams and adopting their habits of life, influenced by a burning desire for their conversion, while mitred bishops and indolent clergymen of England were living at ease on rich tithes. With admirable tact these missionaries secured the confidence of the Indians, which was never lost.

Following the priests, hundreds of settlers poured into these rich fields, while the reports they sent home brought out crowds of needy adventurers eager to take possession of the coveted treasure.

But now a rival claim was put in by the English government, based upon treaties made with the confederated "six nations," who claimed to have conquered the whole country from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. By a treaty made at Lancaster, in 1744, a claim was secured to an undefined extent of territory. But, as usual in these transactions, the Indians were deceived and cheated. In vain did they protest that they had no intention of conveying lands west of the Alleghanies,—the wolf was bent on the possession of the lamb, and the stream could run up as well as down. Smarting under these wrongs by which their choicest hunting-grounds and their fathers' graves were wrested from them, is it a wonder that these original possessors of the soil should unite with the French who proposed to drive the English into the Atlantic? With the French and English it was a struggle for territory; with the red man for home and existence.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, October 7, 1748, closed a long war between these great rival powers, and each was striving to outstrip the other in the settlement of the new world. The Virginia Colony by virtue of royal grants and fraudulent treaties with the Indians, claimed territory west of the Alleghanies, while Penn's colony pushed

their claim to the banks of the Ohio and to the shores of Lake Erie, while the French claimed the entire valley of the great river to the Gulf of Mexico and the whole basin of the great lakes, based upon the discoveries of Hennepin and La Salle, and in addition upon prior possession, as they had erected forts both at the mouth of the Mississippi and on the shores of Lake Erie.

In 1753, in early Spring, a company of French, with a considerable body of their Indian allies, arrived, by way of Lake Erie, on the banks of the Ohio not far below the present site of Pittsburg, and formed an encampment. The Governor of Virginia, on hearing of this movement, determined to send an embassy to this encampment to demand by what right they had erected a fortification within the crown claims. Looking around for a suitable person to undertake an enterprise so delicate and perilous, his attention was called to a young man, a surveyor and an officer in the provincial militia, George Washington, a member then of the household of Lord Fairfax. The enterprise was one of great delicacy and danger. A long war between the two rival powers was but just closed. The matter in dispute was the possession of a territory exceeding in extent the European possessions of the masters of both parties. The great tribes of Indians, smarting under a sense of wrong, were only too ready to take up the hatchet and scalping-knife. An indiscreet act, an unguarded word, might rekindle the half-extinguished flames of war.

Washington was now only twenty-one years of age. He had closed his school-days at fifteen, and had spent four years in the forests of the Alleghanies in the laborious task of a surveyor. A young man of a fine physique, tall, commanding, and mature beyond his years, prudent and discreet, a better selection could not have been made.

The traveler who glides over those mountains to-day in the luxurious Pullman car, can have but a faint conception of a journey of five hundred miles over those mountains and through such forests in 1754. Did the path to distinction, office, and emolument, in these days of love for the public good, lie

in that direction, we opine there would be but few travelers.

It was the 14th of November when he started on this journey, snow and rain alternately falling, and the rivers they must ford filled with running ice. On December 4th he reached the French camp and delivered his message. But the French now attempted to alienate his faithful Indian guides from the English service, but in vain. Washington's prudence and gentlemanly bearing won the heart of the French commander, brought off his Indian allies, made exact observations of the means of defense of the French, the number of men, with a particular map of the country, and started on his return. The horses of the party were worn out; and now with one guide, leaving the rest at a trading post, with his knapsack upon his shoulders and rifle in hand, he pushes on afoot.

Misled by an Indian who fell in with them as if by accident, yet really a French spy, the two travelers were forced out of their true course, were fired upon by the villain at thirty paces distance, yet escaped. In crossing a river filled with floating ice, Washington was thrown by his setting pole into the water ten feet in depth, but succeeded in regaining the raft. And, after incredible hardships and wonderful escapes, he reached Williamsburg and made his report. And let it be told for the comfort of office-seekers, his compensation for all this labor was his traveling expenses.

As the designs of the French government were now unmasked, immediate measures were adopted to raise a sufficient military force to repel the invaders. The Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers form a junction at nearly right angles, below which the united stream becomes the Ohio. On his late mission, Washington had stood on this point of land, now the site of the city of Pittsburg, and marked it as a favorable position for a fort. On his recommendation, a company of forty Virginia troops were dispatched with orders to erect there a strong stockade. The work was still incomplete, when in April, 1754, Monsieur Contrecoeur descended the Alleghany with a strong party of French

and Indians, and summoned the commander to surrender the work and leave the territory. Resistance was out of the question, and the stockade was at once taken and a strong fort completed and named for the Governor of Canada, Fort Duquesne.

And now it is war again between the rival powers, which, in the end, resulted in the loss, by the French King, of Nova Scotia, the Canadas, with all territory East of the Mississippi.

Washington had now fairly entered the rough school, whose severe discipline was to prepare him for his great work. He was twenty-one years of age, the idol of his mother, and her staff and hope. He loved his home and society, but he belonged to his country. Military life had a charm for him, and hitherto he had more than met the expectation of his employers. He was now ordered to take command of troops, and march to the frontier and watch them overments of the French. With three companies of one hundred and fifty men he started through the terrible wilderness. He would not wait for the tardy movements of Virginia and Pennsylvania in raising re-enforcements, but pushed on, hoping to reach the present site of Brownsville, and there form a camp. French re-enforcements and the material of war were freely forwarded from Presque Isle, now the village of Erie, and from the Mississippi. While the tardiness of Virginia and Pennsylvania crippled Washington, yet with his little band he pushed on into the unbroken wilds. He was now met by the startling news brought by a scout, that Fort Duquesne had been re-enforced by eight hundred men. Yet on, on until on the 18th of May, he is on the banks of the Youghiogheny, about twenty miles above the fort.

Soon came tidings that the French forces were on the march to attack him. Fortunately he had with him some friendly Indians, so that, while the foe were apprised of all his movements, he was equally aware of theirs. He gave no thought to a retreat, but boldly pushed on to the "Great Meadows," hastily cleared away the undergrowth and threw up some slight defenses. On the

evening of his arrival he was visited by an express from his old Indian friend and ally, Tarracharison, informing him that the French were within a few miles of the Indian encampment, distant from his camp about six miles. Taking an escort of forty men, he started for their camp. The night was dark, and the rain fell in torrents. Yet, on toiled the weary men, clambering over rocks and fallen trees, and wading through swamps until sunrise, when they reached the Indian camp. Washington determined to surprise the foe, who were expecting to take him unawares. A plan of attack was at once formed. The Indians had ascertained the exact position of the French troops. In two single files, the English on the right, the Indians on the left, they stealthily advanced.

Discovering the advance, the French seized their arms and prepared for defense. It was no time for parley. True, there was peace between the two powers, but it was a paper peace, and nothing more, and our young hero's orders were peremptory, to drive all intruders from the disputed territory. "Fire," cried the commander, and a volley was delivered whose echoes reached St. James and Versailles, and broke the slumbers of all Europe. How much may hang upon a single shot. Witness Lexington and Sumter. Monsieur Jermonville, the French commander, and ten soldiers were killed. The English lost one slain and two wounded. One man only of the French party escaped and brought the news to the fort at the forks. A strong fort at the Great Meadows was at once commenced, as Washington well surmised a large force would be dispatched to cut him up. About one hundred recruits from South Carolina now joined him, with a party of Indians. Retreat was not to be attempted. His horses were worn out, and his men reduced to mere skeletons. They must have rest. His little garrison at Fort Necessity, as he had named it, had, after the skirmish, but two bags of flour. So rough was the route traveled by these hardy men that they had been fourteen days in making thirteen miles.

Hardly were the works in a defensible

state, when news came by his Indian scouts that the enemy was on the way with a heavy force to attack him. On the morning of July 3d, one of his sentries was fired upon, and came limping into the fort. Then came intelligence that the foe, nine hundred strong, were within four miles of the fort. Their hour had come. Washington's nerve steadied the little band. It was a foreshadowing of Trenton and "Valley Forge." On came the enemy, and commenced a fire at a long range. The rain fell heavily all day, and the old flint locks could not resist wet. From eleven in the forenoon to eight in the evening the fusillade was incessant, when the French called for a parley. Washington, knowing the treacherous character of his foe, declined. But on a repetition of the call he sent out an officer, and a capitulation was agreed upon. Both commanders must have felt the hazardous character of their procedure. It was a time of peace, and they had no right to be slaughtering each other. Better to pause until they could hear from home.

Washington was to march out with all his material, except his artillery, which he could not transport. With some annoyance from a body of Indians which he could not, or more likely would not, restrain, he made good his retreat to "Wills Creek," where supplies were found and his famished soldiers were recruited. Returning to Williamsburg, Washington laid his report before the authorities and was warmly thanked for his conduct.

But these things were only preliminary to greater ones. During the Summer following these events, orders were issued to advance and secure the fort Duquesne, at the forks. But this was no light task, as the French had greatly strengthened the works. But as it was the key to the entire region, the Governor determined on its subjection. General Braddock came out early in 1755, with two small regiments of five hundred men each, to which were added twelve hundred provincials, and a few seamen. The great difficulty was in finding means for the transportation of subsistence and the munitions of war.

Through the personal exertions of Frank-

lin, who now comes to the front, about one hundred and thirty Dutch wagons were procured, which were only secured by frightening the Dutch farmers by a threat of Hessian vengeance, which he illustrated by donning a huge Hessian cap. On the 9th of May this force reached Cumberland at the eastern foot of the mountains. But now what was before them? One hundred miles of wilderness, marked only by an Indian trail; bridgeless streams, swollen mountain torrents, and impassable swamps. Washington, who was joined to Braddock's staff, was familiar with these obstacles, and was the guiding spirit in the movements of the little army. Every-where present, now at the front cheering the pioneers and ax-men—now in the rear watching the supplies and urging on the laggards—now on the flanks guarding against surprise, his energies never seemed to flag. The English officers, transported suddenly from the luxurious ease of courts to such unknown scenes, were wholly dependent upon this young Virginian and his raw militia! They would never have passed the wilderness but for the courage and persistence of Washington, and but for him none of them would have returned to tell the tale. So constantly were they watched by an invisible and wily foe, that the French commander at the fort was daily apprised of the progress and numbers of the approaching enemy. About the middle of June the column was at "Little Meadows," where a council of war determined to push on a force of twelve hundred picked men, with a few pieces of artillery, and leave the remainder under General Dunbar, to move more leisurely to Fort Necessity.

But young Washington had become broken down by his unparalleled labors and constant exposure, and was left behind, suffering with a fever. But he could not rest; he, better than the English, knew the character of the enemy in their front; he dreaded an ambuscade; he had again and again warned Braddock of the danger from this mode of Indian warfare, only to be repulsed with a sneer. For fourteen days he chafed like a caged lion, and then rose from his bed, and hurrying on, joined the army only two

days before the fatal battle. The long line of gleaming bayonets moved slowly down the left bank of the Monongahela, and rapidly approached the last ford which placed them on the same side with the fort, and but six miles above it. Travelers passing that historic spot, pause to look at it. A "run," or gorge is seen leading up from the river to the highlands, which at that time was heavily wooded, and filled on each side with a dense undergrowth, the narrow trail being in the center.

There is extant a narrative of one Colonel James Smith, an English soldier, who had been captured by Indian scouts during the march of Braddock's force, and who was then a prisoner in the fort. He relates that on the morning of the fatal 9th, as he was walking on the battlements, as he was permitted to do, he noticed a great commotion in and around the works. Crowds of Indians thronged the gates, painted and armed. Powder, balls, and flints were brought out, and each helped himself. Soon a small detachment of soldiers marched out and joined the Indians, when they all moved off up the river. He had a distinct view of the force, and says it did not exceed four hundred in all.

The accounts published at the time make this force to consist of fifteen hundred regulars and six hundred irregulars, besides the Indians; while some French deserters corroborate Smith's statement that the fort was then garrisoned by only two hundred regular troops, and that they had no expectation of holding the post against the large English force approaching. They marched out merely to annoy and check the progress of the foe, while a victory would be to them as surprising as a defeat would be to the invaders.

In the mean time the proud column, with flying banners and martial music, moved on. Washington, knowing well the watchfulness of their wily foe, urges the grand commander to send out some scouts to beat up any ambuscade the Indians might have laid; but his advice was scornfully rejected, while he was taunted with the arrogance of attempting to teach a "British general how

to fight." "They will never stand before British regulars, sir; they will fly." On toiled the column in its proud array and fancied security. They had crossed the ford and were fairly within the gorge, when a sheet of flame bursts from the thicket on either hand, followed by the report of hundreds of muskets, and a yell that actually paralyzed every English soldier in the ranks. The front crowded back upon the rear, and all order was instantly lost. So unexpected and terrific was that yell that a fearful panic resulted, and the poor wretches crowded into that narrow pass were shot down by dozens at every discharge, while not a foe was in sight. Washington alone was self-possessed, for he was used to such scenes, and this was precisely what he had anticipated. He formed his militia to cover the frightened regulars, himself exposed to the heaviest fire—horse after horse was shot under him, until five had thus fallen—his clothes were riddled with bullets, yet he escaped without a wound; sixty officers and half the entire force were dead or wounded, and at last a ball in the breast laid Braddock, the headstrong leader, upon the bloody field. A disorderly flight now commenced, which was not checked until the shattered remnant of the advance party reached Fort Necessity, where lay General Dunbar with his reserve. The most extravagant reports were circulated of the number of the savage foe which their excited imagination saw pushing upon their heels. The whole force, still more than four times the number of the French, breaking up their guns and destroying their ammunition, commenced a hasty retreat to Cumberland, not resting until they had put the mountain range between themselves and their assailants.

Braddock, borne upon a litter, in a state of unconsciousness, murmured only "Who would have thought it!" On the fourth day he died. A grave was hastily dug in the middle of the road to hide it from the Indians, in which he was laid and left in his slumbers in the solitudes of the wilderness. The traveler, passing from Cumberland to Brownsville, over the fine national road, when near the site of Fort Necessity, turns

aside to look upon the grave of the rash and obstinate leader, the victim of his own folly. There is a tradition still lingering in the neighborhood that a bullet from the rifle of a Virginia hunter, and not an Indian's, laid the British leader low, in revenge for some wrong inflicted upon a brother of the reputed assassin.

Washington came out of the terrible *mêlée* with only wounded pride. A watchful Providence guarded his life, and preserved it for the future. A celebrated divine preached and published a sermon soon after this defeat, in which, referring to the wonderful escape of Washington, he says, "I can not but think this remarkable young man is preserved by Divine Providence for some great and important end." Subsequent events, we hardly need say, justified the prediction.

An incident sustaining this remark of Dr. Davies is related by Dr. Craik, long the intimate friend of Washington, and who was with him in this battle. Fifteen years after these events they, together with a party of woodsmen, traveled into the western country exploring wild lands. At the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers a party of Indians came to their camp on a friendly visit, among whom was an aged chief. He said: "Hearing that the young brave was one of the party, he had come to see him. At the battle of Monongahela," said he, "I discharged my rifle at him many times, and directed my young men to do the same; but to my surprise not a shot took effect, and I saw the Great Spirit had him under his care, and ceased firing at him. He had come," he said, "to see one who was such a favorite of the Manitou, and who would never die in battle."

Let us return to the Fort Duquesne, the object of this unfortunate expedition. We have already had the prisoner Smith's relation of the events of the morning of the battle. From the rumors in the fort he learned that Braddock was distant but a few miles, and anticipated a speedy release. He had been just through the severe ordeal of "running the gauntlet," and though nearly killed had recovered, and his life was safe.

"In the afternoon," he says, "an Indian runner brought the intelligence that the English were surrounded, and were being 'shot down like pigeons.'" Alas for his dream of speedy release. About sunset, as he sat anxious and trembling upon the wall of the fort, he heard the well-known "scalp halloo," followed by quick, wild, joyful shrieks, accompanied by a continuous, rapid discharge of muskets. It announced the fate of the expedition. Soon the mad force appeared in sight, driving before them twelve British regulars, with their faces painted black, the sign of their fearful doom. On came the savages, bearing aloft upon poles hundreds of bloody scalps, torn from the heads of the slaughtered soldiers, and all fantastically arrayed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of pack horses laden with the spoils. Frantic with joy over their unexpected victory, the Indians poured into the fort with the rattle of musketry and the continuous boom of the cannon on the fortification. Saddest of all was the condition of the unhappy prisoners. Home and friends had been left but a few months since, in all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and now surrounded by furious savages and before them the fatal stake. At once they were bound to the stakes, their bodies stuck full of pitch splinters and fired; "and all the while," says the narrator, "the French commander sat in the fort within hearing of the terrible shrieks of the sufferers."

From the conclusion of this ill-advised and disastrous expedition to the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775, Washington was almost constantly in the public service. With his knapsack strapped upon his shoulders and his surveying instruments in hand, he was found threading his toilsome way through trackless forests, fording rivers, and

exposing himself to untold hardships when, with an abundance of means, and an attractive home, he might have indulged that love of ease which is the ruling passion in so many hearts. In such a school was the Father of his Country trained, while Providence by severe discipline was fitting him for the great task which was the mission of his life.

After meeting and overcoming obstacles before which common men would have gone down; betrayed by men whom he trusted; feebly and reluctantly supported by the people in whose interests he suffered; meeting the jealousy of those who were envious of his honors, without the ability to perform his task; vilified and threatened with impeachment by the miserable progenitors of modern traitors; his work done, his character vindicated, his honors imperishable, in the quiet shades of his loved Mt. Vernon he surrendered his great trust, saying, like another great benefactor of his people: "Behold, here am I. I have walked before you from my childhood until this day; witness against me before the Lord. Whose ox have I taken, or whom have I defrauded? Or whom have I oppressed? Or of whom have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith, and I will restore it." Here was indeed a rare combination of virtues; for he was alike good in greatness and great in moral excellence.

It is Saturday, December 14, 1799. The old year, the last but one of the eventful century, and the MAN OF THE CENTURY, the soldier, the statesman, the patriot, the Christian, are together keeping step with the solemn march of time. Washington is dying! "Leave me alone," he faintly whispers to his attendant. His last account is to be audited. His great voucher is present. When his friends again gather around him, he faintly whispers, "It is well." He is gone.

A PASSAGE IN RICHARD BAXTER'S LIFE.

NO reader whose impressions of Richard Baxter were derived from his solemn, startling "Call to the Unconverted," or his sweet and beautiful pictures of the "Saint's Rest," would suspect that aught of the romantic or sentimental could be found in the record of his troubled life. A man of feeble health, attenuated figure, devoted to study and to ministerial work, living in troublous times, and sorely persecuted, seems of all men most unlikely to be the object of a cultivated woman's most romantic affection. Nevertheless, such was the fact. Baxter was thus loved by the aristocratic Margaret Charlton, one of the belles of Kidderminster, who actually wooed and won him for her husband, and that, too, without sacrificing her maidenly dignity, womanly self-respect, or the good opinion of those whose regard was worth preserving.

This extraordinary woman, though not of noble birth, belonged to one of the chief families in the County of Salop, England. Her father died while she was a child. Her mother married again; and, in the castle of her father-in-law, a staunch supporter of Charles the First, Margaret witnessed some of the horrors of civil war. Her castellated home was attacked by a Parliamentary force, heroically defended, but finally carried by assault after considerable loss of life on both sides. The victors set fire to some of its out-buildings. After stripping them of most of their clothing, they drove Margaret's mother and her children from the dismantled castle in a very destitute condition.

When Margaret was seventeen years old her mother removed to Kidderminster, where she rented an ancient baronial mansion which had been partially ruined during the civil war. At this period she was a proud, high-spirited, handsome maiden, reserved with respect to her own thoughts and feelings, but very fond of dress, of gay society, and frivolous amusements. She was also a devoted reader of the popular but now obsolete romances of those times. She hated

religion, both because she was skeptical with regard to the sublime facts and awful truths it teaches, and firmly, but foolishly, believed that it was inimical to true happiness. Upon its professors she looked with haughty scorn, partly because of their poverty, chiefly because of the strictness of their lives. Probably there was not in all Kidderminster a maiden less likely to love and to marry the physically feeble, but intellectually mighty and spiritually pure vicar of its parish church. But who dares predict the channel in which the current of a maiden's love will flow?

Though hating religion, Margaret, out of respect to her mother's wishes, accompanied her to the Church of which the immortal Baxter was then pastor. His strong intellect, his attractive style, his magnetic energy, his profoundly impressive manner, quickly arrested her attention, commanded her respect, and gave new direction to her thoughts. His vivid descriptions of the work of sin in the human heart, and his faithful pictures of its dark demerit and terrible punishment, soon struck the chords of her moral feeling, and awakened her conscience.

"He preached, as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

Her soul responded to his stern appeals. She began to pray in secret. Her natural reserve kept her from speaking of her feelings to any one, until her waiting-maid, having accidentally overheard her strong cries for divine mercy, made the precious fact known to her delighted mother. Margaret attempted no further concealment. But her mental distress was so exceedingly great that, through her mother's agency, probably, Baxter wrote her "a letter of counsel," which was the beginning of a long and valuable spiritual correspondence between them. It is strange that, aided as she was by Baxter's clear evangelical instruction, she lived for months without attaining the "rest of faith." While still buffeting with the waves

of uncertainty, she fell sick, apparently with consumption, and was brought, as both she and her friends supposed, face to face with death. Lacking that mighty faith which wrests his sting from the Death Angel, she was terrified. But so deep and general was the interest of the Kidderminster Church in her well-being, that a day of humiliation and prayer for her recovery was appointed. Baxter led the devotions of a large assembly. He records the result in the following simple words:

"I was with them at prayer for this woman, and compassion made us all extraordinarily fervent, and God heard us, and especially delivered her, as it were, by nothing, or by an altogether undesigned means. She drank of her own inclination, not being directed, a large quantity of syrup of violets, and the next morning her nose bled, which it scarce ever did before or since, and the lungs seemed cleared and her pulse suddenly amended, her cough abated, and her strength returned in a short time." Three months later, when her health was completely restored, the Church kept a day of thanksgiving to God for her recovery. With the blessing of renewed health she also received the more precious gift of spiritual peace.

Baxter had previously won this maiden's respect. His interest in her religious progress and in her health awakened her gratitude. Out of this latter feeling there issued a strong personal affection—a passion so deep, so mingled with her religious affections, and so seemingly irresistible, that its concealment affected her health and endangered her life.

Baxter, however, felt no reciprocal passion. He had, indeed, no suspicion of her love. Why should he? He was twenty-three years her senior, had resolved never to marry, had written against the marriage of ministers, was socially her inferior, was infirm in health, somewhat ascetic in his habits, and severe in his temper. All this the maiden knew. Nevertheless, she determined to marry him.

A maiden of less purity of spirit and purpose would have sought to gain her end by such fascinations as most handsome women

know how to employ. But Margaret was too pure-minded to be artful. She therefore adopted a method which, though not absolutely wrong, was certainly unmaidenly, and can only be justified by her lofty consciousness of integrity, her sincere conviction that, with Baxter for her husband, she could be more happy and useful than if she remained a spinster. Of course, with her absorbing love for him, she could not think of marrying any other man.

Going with a friend to Baxter's house, she sent the story of her love and wishes to her astonished pastor. The reader can readily imagine the good vicar's look of wonder as, with uplifted hands, he exclaims:

"Since I have passed my youth in celibacy, it would be reputed madness in me to marry a young woman."

But Margaret, standing at the door and trembling with anxiety, as we may well suppose, overheard these discouraging words, and resolves to plead her own case. Entering the room with a blushing but still modest countenance, she says, in tones which go thrillingly through the good man's heart:

"Dear Mr. Baxter, I protest, with a sincere and real heart, I do not make a tender of myself to you upon any worldly or carnal account, but to have a more frequent converse with so holy and prudent a yoke-fellow to assist me in my way to heaven, and to keep me steadfast in my perseverance which I design for God's glory and my own soul's good."

What could the good man say to such words, proceeding, as they did, from the lips of a lovely, cultivated, virtuous girl, whose very manner assured him that her priceless proffer sprang from a "pure fountain of love." He hesitated and yielded, solemnly consenting to accept her as his bride at some future time.

A few days after this romantic betrothal, Baxter was summoned to London on some matters connected with the restoration of the unprincipled Charles the Second. Margaret, writhing under the pangs of separation, proposed to follow him clandestinely. He replied by letter:

"It is not lawful to speak an idle word,

and especially deliberately, much less to go on an idle journey. . . . It is a greater work to bring your mind and will to the will of God than to change place or apparel, or run away as Jonah in discontent. . . . I will pray that no creature may seem greater, better, or more regardable, or necessary to you than it is . . . that it may never be over-loved, over-feared, over-trusted, or its thoughts too much regarded."

Not much of the lover in these tender rebukes, the reader will say. Perhaps not. Yet we think they contain the *wisdom* of that true love which was beginning to bud, and which soon after bloomed into a true conjugal affection in Baxter's heart. But, wise though they were, they did not entirely prevent Margaret from fulfilling her purpose. Instead of eloping, however, she prevailed on her mother to remove with her to London, that she might be near him who, if not yet her lover, was her beloved and betrothed.

This removal tended to the end she sought by keeping her near the person of Baxter, but it cost the life of her devoted mother, who died in about a year of a prevailing fever. It also cost Baxter not a little of disturbed feeling, for, his engagement becoming known, his brethren in the ministry laughed at him and taunted him with his old notions about ministerial celibacy; and the ribald wits, at the court of the "merry monarch," jeered him and made him the butt of their most stinging jests, very much to the good man's annoyance.

But by this time his heart had responded to Margaret's affection, and three years after her romantic declaration of love, he led her to the altar. His bride "was only in her twenty-third year; he had passed his forty-sixth." Prelates sneered at his alleged inconsistency, and the gay followers of King Charles again made the air at Whitehall echo their merry laughter. To the latter it seemed a very comic fact, that so stern a non-conformist should get "entangled in the meshes of wedded love." His defense of this singular marriage is worth recording. With inimitable simplicity he says:

"The true opening of her case and mine, and the many strange occurrences which

brought it to pass, would take away the wonder of her friends and mine that knew us, and the notice of it would much conduce to the understanding of some other passages in our lives. . . . Both, in her case and mine, there was much extraordinary which it doth not concern the world to be acquainted with."

Honest Baxter was no doubt right, and the results of this seemingly ill-assorted marriage go far to atone for its singular, not to say unmaidenly, beginning. Margaret Baxter's devotion to her husband's personal comfort, and the unceasing and great sacrifices she made for his work's sake, amply justify her declaration on the day of their betrothal, that she did not make a tender of herself "upon any worldly or carnal account." She was no Mrs. John Wesley, to fret and be jealous of her husband's devotion to his chosen work. On the contrary, she became a nurse to him in his frequent fits of sickness, an active fellow-worker for Christ, stimulating his zeal, cheering his spirit, and spending her fortune freely to promote his usefulness. She comforted him under the sore persecutions which befell him, and cheerfully shared with him the discomforts of the long and tedious imprisonment he suffered in maintaining the principle of religious toleration. Her spirit was indeed heroic, and both by counsel and example she kept her sometimes discouraged husband firm in his sharp, bitter, trying contests with the enemies of toleration. Moreover, the wisdom of her speech, the dignity of her manners, and the lovingness of her spirit, won friends both for herself and Baxter wherever they resided. Like the virtuous wife portrayed by the pen of Solomon, she did him "good and not evil all the days of her life."

After nineteen years of married life which, though passed amidst much that was externally painful, was not merely wholly free from conjugal discord, but delightfully harmonious and spiritually profitable to both, she was once more brought, by disease, into the presence of the death-angel. But his sting was gone now, his terrors transformed into attractions, and his voice that of a

messenger from her best beloved in heaven. Looking from her dying bed upon the faces of her friend, Mrs. Corbet, and of Baxter, she exultingly exclaimed:

"My mother is in heaven, and Mr. Corbet is in heaven, and thou and I shall be in heaven."

Thus, in June, 1681, at the early age of forty-two, this remarkable woman passed from the tribulations of the times to the peaceful realm of the redeemed. Baxter survived her ten years, was buried in her grave, and, no doubt, ascended to the "rest"

where their spiritual union, so well begun on earth, was made immortal, as is the life of souls. Excepting only her wooing of Baxter, of which it may be paradoxically observed, that she did an unmaidenly act with the purity of maidenly feeling, her life was honorable, noble, and beautiful. A truer woman never lived; and so long as the world sets high value on conjugal fidelity and devotion, on heroic self-denial for Christ's sake, and on sincere piety, it will not permit the name of Margaret Charlton Baxter to be forgotten.

THORWALDSEN AND HIS ART.

BERTEL THORWALDSEN was born in Copenhagen, of poor parents, November 19, 1770. His father, the son of a poor Lutheran clergyman in Myklabye, Iceland, came at an early age to Copenhagen. His mother, Karen Groenlund, was the daughter of a Jutland peasant. The son is said to have very closely resembled his mother, which speaks well for her at least, but whether he inherited any of his peculiar genius from her does not appear, though her house is said to have had a rather disorderly appearance.

He received a good elementary education. Between his school-hours, and after he had ceased going to school, he was obliged to assist his father in wood-carving; and, as he showed a fondness for drawing, he was sent, in his eleventh year, to the Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen as an evening pupil, where he learned drawing and modeling figures, both from copies and from nature, paying special attention to the neatness and correctness of his drawings. And at sixteen years old he had made such progress that he received the highest prize given to beginners, a small silver medal.

His son's success at the academy induced the father to employ him as his regular assistant. No ambitious purpose was entertained for the attainment of something higher, for high positions were considered to be the exclusive birthright of the nobles;

the poor had no right to aspire after such things. Therefore young Thorwaldsen readily consented to his father's arrangement; the more so since it afforded him opportunities to follow, to some extent, at least, the bent of his mind for drawing and modeling. Abildgaard, having heard of it, succeeded in persuading him to continue, with the permission of the father, his lessons at the academy. He accordingly divided his time between his lessons and helping his father. Even his evening hours were devoted to artistic studies. He and a number of his fellow-pupils would meet at evenings, and, having chosen a subject, usually from the Bible, each would make his sketch, and then they would compare and criticise each other's productions. Then, while his companions engaged in their boyish sports, he would sit quietly making a new sketch of the subject in hand, improving upon the criticisms and suggestions that he had heard. Though he said but little, he was uniformly kind and obliging, and therefore was liked by his comrades. When at work he allowed nothing to distract his attention. He trained his powers of observation to an extraordinary degree. He said, on one occasion, that he had learned as much by observation as by practice. For his quick apprehension, untiring industry, and good behavior he was held up by his teachers as a model worthy of imitation. Nor did this distinction spoil



THORWALDSEN IN HIS STUDIO.

him. "With manly self-reliance," says one of his friends, "he combined an almost maidenly modesty."

In order to be admitted to the highest class at the academy, the pupils were obliged to give proofs of their advanced standing by furnishing specimens of drawings and models in clay. For this purpose a subject was given them, and they were locked each in a separate room, where they had to remain until they had finished their task. The subject given was "Heliodore; or, The Plundering of the Temple, and the Appearance of the Angel of the Lord to Punish the Offenders." (Maccab. iii, 25, 26.) This event was

to be represented in bass-relief models. Our young artist thought the subject too difficult for him even to attempt, but as he was about to withdraw from the class-room his teacher persuaded him to remain and try his skill, and when he brought his model to the committee it was pronounced the best. He afterward executed it on a larger scale, for which he received for it the small gold medal. Two years later he obtained the large gold medal, and with it the right to a traveling stipend, which enabled him to spend several years in Italy for the purpose of perfecting himself in his art.

It was now necessary for him to study

Greek and Roman mythology, as well as French and Italian, that he might pursue his art agreeably to the prevailing rules. Though this was not to his taste, yet he managed to acquire a sufficient smattering of these subjects. Two years were thus passed between work and study, after which he set out for Rome. But in those days, when revolutions were brewing all over the continent, it was no easy matter to make a journey from the North to the South of Europe. Fortunately a Danish man-of-war was then about to sail for the Mediterranean, in which, through the intercession of his friends, he was granted a free passage.

He accordingly sailed from Copenhagen in August, 1796, and, more than five weeks later, passed through the straits of Gibraltar, and after long delays he came on foot from Naples to Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797, having now reached the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Rome opened up an entirely new world for the young northern artist. The Italians, their olive-colored complexion, fiery eyes, lively expression, graceful movements, and wonderful agility, all made a deep impression on him. They presented to him new and living forms of beauty never before dreamed of. And the city itself, with its magnificent churches, rich museums, exquisite works of art, grand old ruins, and the splendid pageantry of its ecclesiastics, overwhelmed him with astonishment and admiration.

The first thing young Thorwaldsen began to do in Rome was to sharpen his powers of observation and train the skill of his hands. He applied himself closely to the study of the masterpieces of antiquity. The blending in them of naturalness, simplicity, and grandeur suited his taste and touched his sympathy. He made drawings of them; modeled some of them in clay, and occasionally executed them in marble. Soon he tried his skill on original pieces. Several of the latter he knocked to pieces, because they did not come up to his own ideals. He longed for a master at whose feet he might study and develop his powers; but he found none that suited his taste. *Antonio Canova*

had at that time his studio in Rome; but for some reason Thorwaldsen did not admire his style; although, for grandeur of conception, exquisiteness of workmanship, charm and warmth of expression, Canova's works have never since been excelled.

Among the few acquaintances with whom Thorwaldsen associated in Rome were A. J. Carsters, a painter from Schleswig, and George Zoëga, an antiquary and art-critic, from Denmark. From the former he acquired new ideas in drawing, and from the latter a deeper insight into the art of the ancients. During the first three years he sent several pieces of his workmanship home as proofs of his progress. When, in 1800, his stipend was about to be canceled, and he was thinking of returning home, he determined to try his powers on a larger scale than he had heretofore done. He wanted to show his countrymen what he had learned. In a letter written home about this time he said: "Art becomes daily dearer to me; at the same time I am aware how far I am from having attained that perfection which I behold in the masterpieces in this city," which expresses a healthy feeling of one who aims at perfection.

The conception to which Thorwaldsen wished to give a visible form and realization, and which he hoped was to establish his reputation as an artist, was a statue of *Jason*, the victorious leader of the Argonautic Expedition. He accordingly pictured to himself the Greek hero as a young man with a strong, powerfully-built, and symmetrically developed body, with the helmet on his head, the spear leaning against the right shoulder, the golden fleece hanging on his left arm, and his cloak thrown across the stump of a tree near him, in the act of returning to the ship with his trophy after having killed the dragon. He began to model such a figure, life-size, in clay. After six months his task was finished. For some time the figure stood in his studio; but the artist was not satisfied, and one day he struck off its head.

His contemplated journey homeward was now postponed. Two years later *Jason* occupied his mind again. This time he deter-

mined in good earnest to produce a figure worthy of that hero. It was to be eight feet in height. He worked early and late, until at length it was finished. This time it was a success; it came up to his own ideal. Artists and travelers flocked to his studio to see not only the wonderful statue, but also the bold artist who "had dared to revive the classic art of Greece." Zoëga, his countryman, praised it; and Canova, on seeing it, said: "This statue of the young Dane indicates a *new but grand style*."

But the statue was modeled only in clay. How should it be reproduced in marble? This was a problem which neither Thorwaldsen nor his friends were able to solve. They had not the means necessary for that purpose. Under these circumstances he determined to return home. The month of March, 1803, was fixed as the time of his departure. He found in a German sculptor a traveling-companion. According to a previous arrangement, the stage-coach called for him early one morning, when at the last moment his friend came saying that their passports were not yet ready. They were thus delayed a day, and on that day Sir Thomas Hope entered Thorwaldsen's studio, in order to see "the wonder of the day." Contemplating the statue for a while, he turned to the young artist who stood near by and asked: "How much will it cost to reproduce it in marble?" "In this question," says one of his biographers, "Thorwaldsen saw a bright future looming up before him." He replied: "Three thousand dollars." This sum appeared too small to the Englishman. He therefore offered four thousand dollars, and the offer was accepted. Thorwaldsen thought no longer of returning home, but remained in Rome and began his work. But it was only after a lapse of twenty years that he succeeded in finishing it. A friend remarked to him that it must be a great joy to an artist to see the work finished that had established his reputation as a great artist. "No," replied Thorwaldsen, "I am not overjoyed. When I first modeled this statue I was pleased with it, for it was good; but now I could make a much better one."

With his "Jason" Thorwaldsen had estab-

lished his reputation as a first-class artist. He was now thirty-two years of age. If it was fortunate for him to spend the years of his young manhood in Rome as an art-student and experimenter, it was still more fortunate for him to reside there as a master. Rome was then, as it is now, the recognized center of his art. Artists and connoisseurs from all parts of the civilized world flocked thither to see and to learn. An artist who succeeded in drawing the attention of the Romans to himself was sure to attract strangers to his studio, to find purchasers for his works and receive new orders. This was the case with Thorwaldsen. He was always sought out by German, English, and Russian travelers for the purpose either of "sitting for their busts" or of giving orders for some "fancy pieces." In the former he was generally successful. He not only "hit" the face, but produced a genuine work of art. Nor was he less successful in the execution of orders for fancy pieces. Among the latter was a baptismal font, made in 1807, for the church in Brahe Trolleborg, a village on the island of Fuenen. It bears, in bass-relief, representations of the Virgin and the Child, of the baptism of Christ, of Jesus blessing children, and of three angels. At a later period he reproduced this work, and presented it to the Church in Iceland of which his grandfather had been pastor.

But Thorwaldsen did not depend entirely upon orders. He produced original works as well. Homer's Iliad furnished him with abundant suggestions for heroic forms. He preferred the heroes of Greek mythology to those of the old Scandinavian. Jason, Adonis, Apollo, Hercules, Mercury, Venus, Psyche, etc., struck his fancy and occupied his thoughts. Of some of them he produced life-size statues, and of some bass-relief representations.

In 1812 Rome expected a visit from Napoleon I. The Quirinal was to be prepared for his temporary residence. Orders were given for various paintings and statues. During the first six months Thorwaldsen was overlooked in this matter. The time approached, but the palace was not yet ready. Decorations of plaster-cast in bass-relief, one hun-

dred and ten feet in length, were still wanting for the cornices of a large hall. They were to be finished in two months. No one was willing to undertake the task; but at length Thorwaldsen was prevailed upon to attempt it. The intention was to glorify the great conqueror by illustrating, in relief, the triumphant entry into Babylon of Alexander the Great. The whole was to be executed in accordance with a description of it found in an ancient historian. Here, then, was study and work. But our artist was equal to it. Another artist who watched its progress wrote to a friend: "Every morning Thorwaldsen drew on a large slate two or three figures, and then modeled them in clay. During the night plaster casts were made of them. In a little more than two months the whole work was finished and properly arranged in the hall of the Palace." Subsequently two copies in marble were made, one of which is in the Christiansborg Palace, at Copenhagen, and the other in the Villa Sommariva, near Lake Como, in Northern Italy. When the work was completed artists and critics confessed that nothing like it had been produced since the days of classic Greece. He himself called it his "favorite work." But it took many years before it was reproduced in marble. And as it did then, so does it now excite the admiration of all who see it. It is now one of the richest ornaments of the great Christiansborg Palace at Copenhagen.

But Thorwaldsen, though he was generally thoughtful and studious, was not always as industrious as he had been during these two months. At times he had no energy, was moody and dejected, and, except supervising the work of his assistants, he would be idle; that is, unproductive for weeks and months. He thought he had the consumption, and complained of general ill health. Nor did his countrymen, in his opinion, sufficiently appreciate him, because up to this time they had sent him but few orders. All this made him at times morose and dissatisfied. His friend, Eckersberg, would then daily visit and encourage him. Early one morning, to his utter astonishment, he found him busily engaged in modeling two figures in bass-

relief, the one symbolizing "Night" and the other "Day." Before dark he had them ready for plaster-casts. The former represents a young winged woman with flowing robe, closed eyes, and bowed head, flying through Space, and carrying in her arms the twin-children of Night—Sleep and Death—while on her brow rest the seed-capsules of the sleep-producing Moon, and beneath her wings hovers an owl, the bird of night. The latter represents also a young winged woman, strewing roses in her flight, while on her shoulder rests a winged angel-child holding a burning torch. These two figures belong to some of his best works, and are universally admired. Innocence, grace, and beauty are harmoniously blended. And yet they were the work of a day—a day of gloom and dejection.

The same criticism may be applied to the larger works produced during the same period. They represent mostly mythological figures. His works are the expressions of clear conceptions and pure feelings. They possess not only an ideal beauty, but a life-like naturalness. He had the happy faculty of seizing apparently insignificant incidents of every-day life, and reproducing them in his new creations. One day, in the Spring of 1818, while walking home, he saw a young laborer in a half-sitting and half-standing position on the door-steps of a house listening intently to another man. Thorwaldsen stopped to make a sketch of it. His thoughts and imagination were set in motion by it. A new statue stood before his mind's eye. He hastened to his studio to finish his sketch. On the following day he commenced to model it, and some time afterward he executed it in marble, representing "Mercury as the Slayer of Argos." It is one of his most celebrated works.

In a similar manner he produced the "Three Graces in Sisterly Embrace," "Hebe, the Goddess of Youth, holding a Nectar-cup," "Ganymede giving Drink to Jupiter's Eagle." While engaged on the latter work, with a handsome Roman boy as a model, during a brief interval of rest, the youth had assumed a sitting posture on the floor, with a staff in his right hand, the left rest-

ing on his elevated knee, while a large dog lay beside him—the group suggesting to him a new statue. He commanded the boy to sit still, and immediately sketched the entire group, and reproduced it afterward in marble—"A Shepherd-boy with his Dog."

About this time Thorwaldsen received a pressing invitation to return to Copenhagen. Decorations and ornaments were needed for new public buildings. His advice was wanted in this matter. After some hesitation he made the necessary preparations for the journey. In company with a fellow-countryman he set out for the home of his youth. His fame had preceded him. Into whatever city he entered he was received with distinguished honors. Had he been a royal personage he could scarcely have received greater attention. Finally, in Autumn, 1819, he arrived at home, tired of festive receptions. But here they began anew. On one of these occasions, his friend Oehlenschlaeger, responding to a toast proposed in Thorwaldsen's honor, and alluding to the Goths having plundered Rome, and destroyed many statues, said: "But if our ancestors, the Goths, have done wrong in destroying the marble statues of Rome, our countryman, by his genius and art, has restored or reproduced them, and thus repaired the wrong." Thorwaldsen, always modest, protested that he did not deserve this compliment, though he was deeply moved by it.

In Copenhagen he was the guest of the king. A studio was prepared for him at the palace. One of the principal reasons why he was called to his native city was that he might be consulted in reference to the decoration of the interior of "the Church of Our Lady," which, having been burnt down during the bombardment of the city by the British fleet in 1807, was rebuilt, not in the fine Gothic style of the original edifice, but in the Græco-Latin style. During his temporary residence in Copenhagen this subject was thoroughly discussed, and the plans he suggested were substantially adopted.

Thorwaldsen's statues of the "Risen Savior" and of the "Twelve Apostles," designed and executed in Rome at a later period,

are now universally regarded as his masterpieces. They abundantly prove that he was as great in "religious" as in "classic art." On entering the Church of Our Lady, above the high altar, is seen the magnificent statue of the "Risen Savior," with outstretched arms, as if welcoming all those who enter. It is as life-like as a statue can possibly be made. There is an indescribably gentle and yet firm expression in the countenance, corresponding to the ideal one generally forms of that more than merely human being. A little in front of it, in the center of the high altar, is the "baptismal font" in the form of a kneeling angel with extended wings, holding in his hands a muscle-shell of finely carved and highly polished marble. The chiseling of the wings is so exquisitely delicate as almost to induce the belief that these are *real* wings. On each side of the nave are six life-size statues, placed at equal distances from each other, representing, together, "the Twelve Apostles." So far as an idea may be gained from the New Testament writings of the peculiar characteristics or temperament of each apostle, the artist seems to have caught them, while tradition and legends are not neglected. *Peter* holds the "keys" in his hand; *Paul* has the sword; and *John* seems to be writing in a book. Had Thorwaldsen produced no other works of art than the ones in the "Church of Our Lady," in Copenhagen, they would have been sufficient to establish his reputation as a first-class sculptor.

After a residence of a year in Copenhagen Thorwaldsen returned to Rome. He stopped awhile in Warsaw for the purpose of modeling a colossal equestrian statue of Prince Poniatowsky, and also one in a sitting posture of Copernicus, the great astronomer. These were afterward cast in bronze, and are considered masterpieces. He also executed a bust in marble of the Russian Emperor Alexander I. On leaving the city the Emperor embraced him like a friend. The rest of his journey was a continued ovation. In whatever city he arrived he was fêted. On arriving at Rome he entered immediately upon the execution of his plans in reference to the statues designed for the "Church of

Our Lady," in Copenhagen. Though he employed a number of assistants to do the rough work, he designed, modeled, and put the finishing-touches to them all. The statue of Paul he himself executed entire, as also the head of Peter. For the statue of Christ he made many drawings, differing from each other in expression, attitude, etc., studying at the same time the Gospel records to obtain, if possible, a correct idea of the appearance and character of that perfect man. Nor did he neglect the study of the art-works of the *Renaissance* period, especially those of Raffaele, possessing a "religious" or ecclesiastical character, and representing saints and Biblical scenes. A drawing from the latter's hand was continually hanging above his bed. And yet Thorwaldsen was not a mere copyist of "religious art-works." He was as original and creative here as in the field of Greek art. He digested well what he learned. He was just as quick in apprehending the character of art of the *Renaissance* period as he was in apprehending the character of art of classic Greece. But he studied it not so much from books as from the extant art works. His well-trained powers of observation took the place of book-lore; and his intuitive perception of the true, the beautiful, and the good in art, nature, and human character was never surpassed. He was a born psychologist, and though unacquainted with the terminology of that science, he was able to analyze the secret workings of the soul under given conditions, and to give expression to them in his artistic creations.

Besides the works already mentioned, he made heroic-sized statues of plaster-cast of Gutenberg and Schiller, both of which were subsequently cast in bronze. The former was designed for the native city of Gutenberg, and the latter for Stuttgart. That he, a Northern artist, was selected to design and prepare models for two Germans of great renown was certainly a mark of distinction of which he might have well been proud had he not been blessed with genuine modesty. But a still greater honor was in store for him. It was an order to design and execute in marble a monument for the then lately deceased Pope Pius VII, in-

tended to be placed in St. Peter's Church at Rome. And this order, too, he executed to the satisfaction of all concerned. There it stands now, in the nave of that vast cathedral: the aged Pope sitting upon a throne, clad in the pontifical robes, the tiara on his head, a benignant expression on his countenance, and the right hand raised as if in the act of blessing the people. On each side stands a female figure, symbolizing the two virtues for which that much-trying Pope had learned to pray—"Christian wisdom" and "strength of Faith." All the figures are above life-size, and yet by no means too large for the vast space of that magnificent cathedral. They are all executed in white marble. That Thorwaldsen, a foreigner and a Lutheran, was chosen by Pope Leo XII to design and execute a monument for another Pope, then lately deceased, intended to be placed in the most magnificent church in Christendom, and that the same Pope one day visited his studio to notice the progress of the work, may be regarded not only as a mark of distinction, but as the highest recognition of his genius and merits as an artist.

It is impossible even to mention, much less to describe, the numerous works of art which Thorwaldsen executed during his second residence in Rome. From almost all parts of the world he received orders for statues, busts, and works in bass-relief, many of which he was unable to execute.

The public demonstrations made at different times in his honor, to some of which we have already alluded, did not constitute the only recognition on the part of the public of his great merits as an artist. He was elected an honorary member of the different schools and academies of fine arts in Italy, France, Germany, Holland and Portugal, and decorated with the insignia of numerous orders by the reigning princes of Europe. But none of them was dearer to him than the order of the "Dannebrog," which the King of Denmark conferred upon him. Ever afterward he was styled by the Italians "*Cavaliere Alberto*" (Sir Knight Albert). King Louis I, of Bavaria, while on a visit in Rome, called at Thorwaldsen's studio, and

hung the insignia of a new order around his neck with the words, "I honor you as a general is honored on the battle-field."

Among the aristocratic circles of Rome Thorwaldsen was very popular. He was of a decidedly noble and dignified personal appearance, and the charming simplicity of his manners won all hearts. "His face," said his countryman Holberg, "had the plastic characteristics of one of his own admirable statues; when he moved in the midst of a crowd it would separate as if it felt the presence of a superior being." The young and accomplished musical composer Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy met him one evening at a brilliant party in Rome (in 1830), and was so charmed with him that he wrote to a friend, "Thorwaldsen is a man like a lion. It is refreshing to look into his countenance. One knows immediately that he is a creative genius; and the expression of his eyes is so mild and clear as though they were full of beautiful forms and images. While he is great, he is nevertheless overflowing with tender sympathies and kindly feelings. It is really a great treat to meet with such a great man, and to think that while he is the author of great and lasting things, he is a *human being* like others."

The various works of art that we have mentioned form but a fraction of the large number that left his studio. He received more orders than he could execute. But his greatest trouble consisted in replying to the numerous letters sent him from almost every part of the world, requesting statues, busts, bass-relief works, etc. On one occasion he said to a friend, "I would rather carve *two* busts in marble than write one letter." He was an artist, but no man of business.

When Thorwaldsen was approaching his sixtieth year, his native city invited him to return home, which quite naturally he himself also desired. It now became a matter of great interest to him how his extensive collection of art works could be kept together, and be made serviceable to students of art. Through a high government official he communicated his feelings to the King of Denmark, proposing to donate it to the

city of Copenhagen under the condition that a proper building could be provided for its reception and permanent exhibition. The Academy of the Fine Arts at Munich offered him a high position in the hope of ultimately securing his collection. He received similar offers from other parts of Germany. But he declined them all, his thoughts recurring again and again to his native city. At last, in 1837, an agreement was made between him and the proper authorities that his splendid collection should become the property of Copenhagen. During the same year over thirty-six thousand dollars were subscribed toward the erection of a building for its reception.

While preparations were being made for his return home, fresh and urgent orders for new works were received, which detained him for more than a year. Among these were a magnificent equestrian statue of King Maximilian I of Bavaria (afterward cast in bronze), a bass-relief of Amor, Three Singing Angels, the Four Seasons, besides several fancy pieces, illustrating scenes in the Iliad. These all show an originality of design, and a grace and beauty of execution peculiar to Thorwaldsen.

And when at last Thorwaldsen was ready "to go home," a Danish frigate was commissioned to bring him and his art-treasures to his native city. On the 17th of September, 1838, the vessel arrived off the harbor of Copenhagen. Immediately a large number of boats with singers and musicians crowded around it. Song and music filled the air. A rainbow spanned the sky from north to south, forming a kind of triumphal arch. Dignitaries of the State and the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts went out to receive him. The multitude shouted, "Long live Thorwaldsen." He was now the guest of the city. It elected him honorary citizen. The Academy had a medal struck in his honor. He was fêted by royalty and the wealthy, and honored by all. In return for these honors and attentions he "deeded" without delay his art-treasures to the city.

But his work was not yet done. During the Summer seasons he was the guest of Baron

Stampe, the owner of a princely and charmingly situated estate, where a studio was built for him by the side of a lakelet. At this baronial seat the poets Oehlenschlaeger, Holberg, Hans Christian Andersen, and others were also frequent guests. They would visit Thorwaldsen's studio during the day, and during evenings read or recite parts of their works. Thorwaldsen was specially fond of listening to Andersen reading some of his stories, or to some musical performance. A cultured and generous host and hostess, an elegant house surrounded by a lovely garden and beautiful park, sweet music, poetic recitations, interesting readings, crayon drawing and sculpture, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul"—what more could be desired to make an earthly paradise?

Besides finishing some works that had been commenced at Rome, he made busts of King Frederick VI, of Holberg, and Oehlenschlaeger. After having been repeatedly urged by his friends, he consented to make a statue of himself. (A copy thereof, cast in bronze, was donated by the city of Copenhagen to Iceland, in 1874, on the occasion of the celebration of the one thousandth anniversary of the settlement of that island.) He also modeled a statue of King Christian IV, the great Danish hero, which was subsequently cast in bronze, and placed in the garden of Rosenborg Castle at Copenhagen. A colossal statue of Hercules, intended as an embodiment of the idea of physical strength, is another of his later works. It is placed half-way up the large stairway in the museum that bears Thorwaldsen's name, and it is universally admired. Among the bass-relief works he executed, "Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus," "Rebecca and Abraham's Servant Eliezar," "The Guardian Angel," "A Winged Boy riding on the Back of a Swan," and the "Liberal Arts," are the most prominent.

But Thorwaldsen, as was natural, longed to see Rome once more. While there, he visited the studio of a Scandinavian fellow-sculptor, Mr. Fogelberg, of Sweden, of whose recent works he had heard much.

Thorwaldsen, believing that the Northern mythology, rugged, wild, and grand as it is, furnished no such beautiful material for his art as the rich mythology of Greece, never attempted any representations in marble of its gods or heroes. Fogelberg, however, was of a different opinion. He believed that they were as capable of being represented in marble as the gods and heroes of Greece. Acting upon this belief, he produced colossal statues of Odin, Thor, and Balder. Thorwaldsen was very much pleased with these, especially that of Thor with the hammer. Studying it carefully for a while, he turned to Fogelberg, and said: "Where in the world did you get hold of him? There is reason in it. If you can make many such, they will say in Copenhagen that you are right, and that I am wrong." With these words he shook his friend's hand, and left.

In October, 1842, Thorwaldsen returned to Copenhagen, where he died on the 24th of March, 1844. He had gone to the opera on the evening of that day, though feeling quite ill, to be revived by music. Seating himself beside Oehlenschlaeger, he greeted his friends near him. Scarcely had the music commenced, when Thorwaldsen drooped his head, and fell from his seat a corpse. He died of heart-disease.

Thorwaldsen's Museum, in the central court of which his remains are resting, is at once a splendid, ornamental, and useful monument to the artistic genius of Denmark's illustrious son. Besides being an ornament to the city, it is useful as a cultivator among the people of a taste for the fine arts, and as a school for young artists. Copenhagen is justly proud of it, containing as it does some of his original works, as well as copies in marble and plaster of all the rest, nearly four hundred in number, besides a large collection of paintings, sketches, precious stones, medals, ancient coins, vases, and many other rare antiquities. In the last room is arranged all the furniture of his sitting-room, sketches and drawings, and a model for a bust of Luther, at which he was working on the day of his death.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE VOICE NEEDED IN THE PULPIT.

THAT our age is intensely secular is seen and confessed. The kingship of gold is recognized, and the excellence of fine linen is duly appreciated; and people earnestly covet the splendor and luxury of fine houses and elegant equipage, and also delight to contemplate any of the forms of wealth in the light of ownership. The hearts of the people go out after the perishable things of this world with an intensity that approaches mania. No doubt the possession and enjoyments of the comforts, and somewhat of the elegancies, of life is compatible with a high degree of spirituality, when not too earnestly pursued nor over-luxuriously enjoyed; but when these, whether in the pursuit or the enjoyment, become the chief objects of life and the supreme good of the individual, they are necessarily fatally ruinous to godliness. And this is the plague of the age, that it appreciates only the visible and material. To all who live simply in its spirit, the invisible and spiritual are unreal, mythical, and to live for them seems to be to exchange the real for a phantom.

No doubt the original source of all this condition of things in society is the intense worldliness of the human heart, which is as old as the race and as lasting as the unrenowned soul. But for its special prevalence among ourselves, special causes must be inquired after. Among these may be named the extraordinary productiveness of labor during the past few years, by reason of the facilities afforded by machinery, and the almost unbounded natural resources of the country, by reason of which the laborers of this age enjoy the abundance of princes of former times. Science has also come in to help on this wonderfully increased power of production, laying nature open to examination and formulating her methods and penetrating into her most secret recesses. But, unfortunately, science seems not to have raised

men's minds to any thing higher than nature in her lowest and purely materialistic forms. The spiritual nature in man is almost wholly ignored, and God, the great, first, and efficient cause in nature, is replaced by an impersonal force, called law, for lack of a better name. Thus, while science has hidden God from our view, fullness of material good has bound the whole soul of man to itself.

So it has happened, then, that, as the hold of the invisible and spiritual upon the conscience has become relaxed, the prevailing spirit of society has striven to free itself from all restraints, and without regard to the right and wrong of each case, to grasp with greedy hands all that can be gotten. Hence come the groveling earthliness and the practical atheism of the times, with the attendant array of frauds and falsehoods in all the business relations of life, for all these outcroppings of social demoralizations are but the outward and tangible evidences of that folly which, speaking out of the depraved heart, says "there is no God."

The Gospel is designed to combat and overcome this spirit of worldliness, and the pulpit is the fortress from which the assault must come. Or, to change the figure, this disease of society calls for appropriate remedies. And what are they? The pure Word of God is the only cure for the world's disease. Let us not be deceived by the folly of sentimentalists who talk so sweetly about sympathy as the specific for sin. Sympathy is no doubt needful for the world's salvation, just as good nursing is needful for the recovery of the invalid. But the only divinely prescribed specific for sin and all its fearful train of evils is **THE TRUTH**, the Gospel of the grace of God. All our tenderness toward the erring and fallen will do very little good in the absence of that pungent and oftentimes painful prescription—the Word of God—which is described as "quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword." The

process of salvation is by sanctification; and that comes by the power of the truth—the Word of God.

To be a little more specific, we may further ask, of what class are the particular truths that just now need to be emphasized in order more effectually to antagonize this prevalent indifference to spiritual things? To this we answer, with all brevity and emphasis, The truths that relate to God, his being, his character and attributes, and his dispensations toward men. The pulpit will not be able to lift this generation out of its godless worldliness into spiritual life except by using a leverage as high as the throne of heaven. Its office is to raise men up to companionship with God; and any lower conception of the office-work of the Christian ministry is quite too low for its high purpose. The minister of the Gospel who is satisfied with his own work when he has succeeded in inducing men to observe the amenities of life has failed to appreciate his own calling; a work so difficult, so radical, and so wholly against depraved human nature, can be accomplished only by taking hold upon God. Preaching moralities alone, and unaccompanied by clear illustrations of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the fearfulness of the divine judgments against unrepentant sinners, must always prove ineffective. What is needed, beyond all else, is a vivid conception of God, a clear apprehension of his person, nature, and providence, and, especially, of his all-consuming holiness.

The popular science of the day, with its misleading use of the term *law*, and its deification of the forces of nature, has tended to obliterate the true conception of the Godhead from the popular mind. The divine personality has so largely faded out of men's consciousness, leaving little more than meaningless words and light and fantastic images, that the ordinary presentation of the truth itself can effect but little upon them. Men must be made to feel that there is a personal intelligence above them, and a righteous Judge, to whose tribunal they are bound, in order that they may be brought to bow in penitence at his footstool, to sue for pardoning mercy. The human heart can never be made to love and reverence mere *law*, nor to worship a succession of phenomena. Law is indeed sublime and elevating to the contemplation; but only as the outworking of

the wisdom and power of a thinking and willing personality.

But a sense of the divine existence, however clear and strong, is not alone sufficient to produce a genuine religious life in the individual, nor to regenerate society. There must also be a just and Scriptural conception of the divine character. There is reason to fear that at precisely this point the popular ideas are either inadequate or perverted; and for this defect the pulpit itself is somewhat to blame. There is quite too much preaching of only half-truths concerning the divine character and dispensations; and especially are these features of that character which tally with the popular notions brought into view, while all else is ignored or by implication denied. And such partial presentations of the subject are misleading, because they are untruthful as embodiment of the whole theme. Half-truths, in such a case as this, may easily become the most destructive of untruths. A preacher who presents only the mercy of God does a grievous wrong to both God and man. Our God is not a segment, but a completely rounded circle—an absolutely complete Godhead—whose varied attributes are co-ordinate and perfectly harmonious; and in their completeness resides the crowning glory of his character, his truth, his justice, his holiness.

The holiness of God is the union in infinite fullness of all his moral attributes, conjoined in one, as all the primary colors combine to form the rainbow. If, then, in the presentation of the divine character there is a concealing of any of his attributes, his holiness must be obscured and the symmetry of the divine image destroyed; and out of this may readily arise the most grievous misconceptions of religious truths, giving rise to ruinous neglects of duty or the most pernicious practices. The strange and anti-scriptural theories concerning the atonement, that grow so rankly even within our Churches, and that have climbed like poisonous plants over some of our pulpits, giving out false ideas of the Gospel scheme of redemption, can be traced directly to these faulty conceptions of God's character.

The most effectual way to correct false or inadequate notions in theology is to present in all fullness and clearness the God of the whole Bible; not of this or that particular

book, which may emphasize some one attribute more than others, but of all the books of the Bible united. To ignore, disuse, and leave out of account certain parts of the sacred volume has become the prevailing usage with not a few popular preachers. The "Prodigal Son" and other like portion of Scripture, parts of the highest value as parts of a great and symmetrical whole, are now made to do double service, and from these a flank fire is poured out against Moses and Elijah. But it has remained for our day to give a scientific form and statement to these things. In one of our popular magazines a clergyman, who claims to be orthodox in his own way, attempts to "abrogate every one of those conceptions of God which can rightfully prove revolting to the most cultured modern mind," though it compels him to divide the Bible through the middle, and to reject the older half as not at all a depository of Christian truth. And all this, however intended, operates to shut out of sight God's wrath against sin, and his determination to pursue it with judicial vengeance; and it is brought in simply to conciliate a type of modern sentimentalism, miscalled *culture*, which objects to God's own method of declaring his law and judgments. And if the Old Testament must be cast aside for such a cause, how will it fare with the New Testament, which repeats the same *odious* truths with undiminished force and clearness?

Associated with such full and explicit declarations of the personality and the character of God should be a vigorous restatement of his intimate connection with all that he has made. The prevalent use of language by omitting all references to the great First Cause, in speaking of natural events, has induced in the popular mind an unwholesome method of thinking. It may not be according to the rules of scientific statements to refer the movements of the winds and waves to the power of the Almighty, or the flight of the birds of passage to his wisdom, or the course of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" to his judgments, and yet it may be quite as correct, philosophically, as the meaningless prattle that refers all these things to "law." The language of the Bible leaves the scepter of universal nature where it belongs—in the hands of the infinite Creator and Upholder. The mechanical theory of the universe, which, however, fails to find

for it the needed MOTOR, is as false to philosophy as it is contradictory to the revelations of himself by the Most High God. These glorious truths, so patent upon the face of the Scriptures, should not be permitted to suffer eclipse through the misleadings of popular or scientific language. The pulpit must proclaim it in the hearing of the people, and everywhere Christian people should recognize and confess the divine presence and power in the affairs of nature and of man. It is somewhat remarkable that those who, in order to favor an extreme ecclesiasticism, would shut out the common people from the use of the Bible, find an ally in the scientific atheism of the day, because, forsooth, the language of the Bible is not scientific in its form, and its statements of the relations of God to nature are not those employed by our wise *savants*. The pulpit is bound, by its fidelity to its own high mission, to endeavor to correct this tendency produced by scientific atheism, by emphatic and reiterated presentations of the doctrines of the divine providence, and of God's perpetuated presence in all his works.

What, then, is the conclusion of this whole matter? First of all, it is very evident that what is most needed is a quickening of the public conscience, and that for this a just apprehension of the divine person and his attributes is above all else necessary. And for the promotion of this purpose, simple and clear Biblical and rational statements in respect to the divine person, and his attributes and dispensations, not in the technical language of the schools, but in the homely speech of the common people, are especially and imperatively required. And for this service the pulpit is above all else bound to make the necessary provisions, and for this purpose to bring forth the needed supply of things new and old. Let God be brought more closely to the consciousness of the people, and in the same degree will the Word of God and the claims of the Gospel become effectively operative upon the public conscience. Because God is so far from the public mind, the masses become sadly and intensely irreligious, forgetful of God. To bring them back to their recognition of God is the way to lead the people to higher aims and to a better life; and so to show them God is a most sacred duty of the pulpit.

D. C. K.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

RUSSIA.

ITS PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—For the last few years periodical literature has made great progress in Russia, and a new life has almost sprung up in its reviews, one of the most important of which bears the name "Old Russia." It is evident at first sight that these have not started full-grown into life, as they by no means equal the French, English, or German reviews in their range and originality. The articles are very often rambling and endless, and it is sometimes difficult from the composition of a number to tell the general drift of the publication. It seems as if the editor had launched into the world of letters every thing that had come to hand, convinced that any thing would interest his readers, so long under the tutelage of a press controlled by the government censor. Their most striking feature is the large space which they devote to translations. Each number is quite likely to contain an English, French, or German novel, and sometimes an old one at that. This is, of course, only pardonable on the basis of a new enterprise and dearth of matter. Occasionally we find very valuable articles in the reviews of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

A recent number of the principal periodical of St. Petersburg gave a very interesting and instructive study on the Russian Universities, their rise and progress, with special reference to the great University of Moscow. This was founded in the year 1775, with ten professorships. The lectures were held in Latin, and the nobles were separated from the plebeians by having different lecture-rooms. The teachers read from official text-books, to which they were bound by law. Now the University of Moscow is the central point of extremely liberal ideas. The most comprehensive production of the Russian periodical press may be found in the "National Annals," published in St. Petersburg, with which is connected a review devoted to contemporaneous literature abroad and at home. The two journals form a portly volume of nearly nine hundred pages. But in order to fill these the editor is often obliged to take refuge in translations. One number contained no less than four of such,

an English novel and one from America, besides a poem from Longfellow and an old French novel by Musset. Among the contributions by native authors was the first portion of a novel and an essay on the present condition of the Russian peasant. Another author was just commencing a very interesting and apparently conscientious article on the beggars and tramps of Russia, to which he gives the generous and good-humored title of "Roving Russia." A late issue of the Russian *Messenger* of Moscow leads us right into the midst of political life whose focal center this ancient capital has of late become. It gives the impressions of a Russian tourist in Constantinople at the period of the great crisis between the Russians and the Turks. The narrative opens with an account of the collusion between the English ambassador, Sir Henry Elliott, and Midhat Pasha, with the view of laying various snares for Russia, as the author expresses it. This sentence alone suffices to show the spirit of hostility to England that pervades the article. The Russian tourist, in his excitement, would lay the death of Abdul Aziz at the door of the Earl of Beaconsfield. This seems a little severe on Disraeli, but the author asserts that the story of suicide finds no believers in Constantinople, and leaves the latter city in the conviction that the Russian sun has not entirely disappeared from the Turkish horizon. Another essay by a Russian count would indicate that their publicists have quite a passion for statistical studies, as this one flourishes in a wealth of details that nothing but a love for the curious would induce one to follow. Many of the articles seem to want light and air; they are impenetrable. Though this is not so much so in the case of a couple of didactic articles entitled the "Life of the Plant," and the "Ancient Monuments of Christianity in Tauria." On the whole we think it quite creditable that a country which has so recently stepped into the circles of civilized states should so soon develop a taste for their most characteristic literary creations. Hereafter, through the training of the universities and gymnasia, and the wider diffusion of education, we may look for higher productions in literature.

GERMANY.

ITS PRESS UNDER THE EMPIRE.—The German press has attained a remarkable degree of development under the Empire, and indeed the regeneration and consolidation of the present stately nation owe much of their brilliant success to the loyalty and unflinching fidelity of the German press to the true German cause. The great work to be accomplished in this re-birth of the greatest nation of the age needed to be preceded by an awakening of the national feeling through the closer connection of the many long separated and partially alienated states; and no power could effect this so well as the press. And in this work the periodicals of the land have taken a true national and patriotic interest. In spite of the oppression caused by the want of confidence on the part of rulers, in spite of the trammels of numerous and tyrannical and burdensome press-laws, in the absence of constitutional life and experience, and during the most unfavorable period for such an enterprise, the German press kept hope alive, and encouraged fidelity and patience while waiting for a more favorable period. During the period immediately after the war—the creating epoch of German unity—neither the shears of the censor nor the reactionary spirit could so completely throttle it that it could not raise its voice in the midst of the conflict, and inspire drooping hopes while combating and destroying old prejudices. And now that the battle is over and the victory won, the Augustan age has not yet come. But German journalism has taken a high stand in political and civil development, and gained a position of influence in national life that it never before enjoyed. The governments that were so fully in antagonism to it a few years ago now feel its power and court its influence in the cause of peace and intelligent rule. A short time ago an announcement was made that seemed like a burst of new life in the periodical development of Germany,—the central government at Berlin granted the erection and use of a special wire from Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main, the money center of the empire, that the proceedings of the Parliament in Berlin in the evening might appear in full in the Frankfort journal of the next morning. This is making a great stride in the direction of the journalists of England, France, and the United States,

and the movement promises greatly to increase their political influence on the people and the government itself. With few exceptions the representatives of the German press have, as their forefathers, been loyal members of the middle classes, and have thus found antagonism above and below them, which they needed to combat or conciliate, and this they have generally succeeded in doing while telling the truth to the rulers as to the ruled. This vocation just now is the noblest and most useful one that they can follow for the elevation of their country and the strengthening of the new empire.

THE NETHERLANDS.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.—From time immemorial the policy of all in power in the Continental States has been to amuse the people so as to keep their mind from other matters that might give rulers more trouble and anxiety. The progress of time and the march of modern innovations seems to make no inroad on this code, for its foundations are laid very deep. The first Christian missionaries found it quite impossible to root out the ancient heathen festivals, and therefore used them rather as the basis of those having Christian significance. These are so numerous as to seem exhaustless, for one would suppose that there were little new to be said now about the festivals of Christmas and Easter, and yet, lo and behold, we have received quite an essay on the popular customs of these periods in the Lowlands from which came our Knickerbocker ancestors. The Yule festival of the heathen, from whom sprang our forefathers of Flanders, lasted twelve days, and was celebrated day and night. During this period all evil-doers were safe from the persecutions of the tribunals, all contentions and feuds were postponed, and friends visited friends, and made each other presents. The celebration of Christmas eve, and the custom of Christmas and New-Year's presents in that and other lands, may be traced back to the old Yule holidays. In Belgium proper many of the Christmas customs may be traced back to the same source. In the vicinity of Namur it is still the custom to eat spare-ribs of pork at this period, evidently as a reminder of the days when the wild boar was the choice course of the feast. In Liege the Christmas cakes are

eaten at midnight with punch or wine, and in Brussels the Christmas dinner is the great event of the season. The ancient Belgians used to eat acorns from the forests, now they eat roasted chestnuts. After the meal the principal amusement is to tell fortunes. Melted lead is poured into water, and the strange figures thus obtained are supposed to have some reference to the future of him who poured the metal. They place twelve tapers in so many nutshells and let them float on a basin of water, and foretell by the way in which they burn down the lucky and unlucky months of the coming year. If they dance about and finally sink it is an unlucky sign. A betrothed couple will throw two nutshells into the fire; if these burn quietly the marriage will be a happy one, but if they crack and puff up bands of smoke an uneasy future is before the couple. The young girls look with a lighted candle into a well in the hope of seeing therein the face of their future husband. Formerly Christmas fires were common all over the Netherlands; now they lay the yule log on the fire, or will place a portion of it under the bed to drive evil spirits from the house.

FRANCE.

ITS DECREASING POPULATION.—The French are waking up to the fact that their population is decreasing, and is not likely to be much increased by emigration as hitherto by the Germans. This matter has been discussed before this, but not until now with the figures and facts before them. With them in future the increase of population must consist of the excess of births over deaths. A decrease of the former with an increase of the latter is no very pleasant prospect for their national household. It ought to be, in a sound and healthy country, the very reverse. According to the history of other epochs, wars, epidemics, and even great dearth, have not materially decreased the births, while they of course greatly increase the deaths. In former times they always expected as the most natural thing in the world a great excess of births over deaths; and in the eventful and warlike period extending from 1801 till 1820, during the colossal and long wars of that era the per cent of births increased, and kept on increasing in the peaceful years that immediately followed. Matters began to go backwards under the second Em-

pire, and have been slowly receding ever since. Taking the marriages of the last ten years as a basis, the per cent of births in proportion has been markedly on the decline. The marriages themselves make no increase, while the proportion of births is steadily decreasing, and thus the only way to hope for an increase in population is by a decrease in the death rate in response to improved medical treatment. The fact that now boldly stares them in the face, is the growing disinclination to marry, and the relative unfruitfulness of the marriage state. Garnier, the editor of the *Journal of the Economistes*, is now engaged in obtaining and laying before the public exact figures in this regard, and so is Block, of the *Annual of Political Economy*, with a view to call the attention of the nation to an alarming fact that threatens its future welfare, and the question of its supremacy and rank in the family of States. The latter is endeavoring, as he says, to cultivate an energetic national instinct in favor of an increase of population, and if any power will wake up the French to this matter it will be that of national glory and conquest. If they keep on this way, they will find the day for revenge on Germany in the very distant future. But the question is as to how they will increase the fruitfulness of marriage into a steady growth. The nation seems to have all the elementary power for a growing population, because the land has been greatly divided and distributed among large numbers of families, affording them homes. But in all this discussion we never see a word about improving their morals.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CARE FOR EMPLOYEES.—The largest retail business establishments in England and Ireland, where hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen are engaged, board and lodge their *employés* on the premises, and the system is found, after long trial, to work admirably. The young people are in this way kept almost continually under the eye of their superiors in position, and have less chance of getting into bad company and loose habits. Their home is made quite cheerful and pleasant. They are allowed to play all sorts of harmless games; a reading-room supplied with the principal journals; a large library and fine billiard-room forming features of some of the establishments.

ART.

SEMITIC ART SUSCEPTIBILITY.

IN an exceedingly interesting article written by Professor Blyden, of Liberia, on "Mohammedanism and the Negro Race," which was prepared for the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, but first appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*, the relative advantages of Mohammedanism and Christianity in proselyting the negro races are discussed. Among the most instructive mentioned is the different relations of these two great representative religions to the subject of sacred art. While Mohammedanism is in its authoritative book, the Koran, an intense and even bitter opponent to the introduction of pictorial art into the ritual of its religion, Christianity has been a firm and warm patron of sacred art, and a believer in its educational power to elevate the masses. The further fact that, from the fifth century, high religious art has been almost exclusively in the hands of the Aryan Races, and hence the type of all great religious characters, from Christ to the present day, has been an Aryan type, tends to represent the Hamitic as the subject and the Aryan as the dominant race, and by so far prejudices the negro races against the Christian teachers, and also turns them toward the Mohammedan, who, by rejecting most strenuously all art representations from their ritual, refrain from making prominent this disparity of condition. Now, doubtless, all this has in it an important element of truth, a truth well worthy of careful study by the Christian missionaries who propose to penetrate these distant and dark portions of the African continent. This consideration would certainly place the Protestant workers above the Catholic in their power to win and attach these races, since the Protestant ritual but sparingly encourages pictorial art, and that little not of a character to awaken prejudice in the worshiper.

Doubtless the constant study of the *chef d'œuvres* of Christian art would lead the negro to suppose that all high and holy intelligences belonged to the Aryan races, and by so much would tend to awaken a feeling of degradation rather than of hope and inspiration in the student of such models. It is a very significant fact that by the Semitic races compara-

tively little of high artistic excellence has ever been accomplished. We entirely disagree, however, with this writer as to the causes of this fact. That religious injunctions are the reason of this low condition of pictorial taste is certainly to be questioned. We opine that there is no such prohibition of art-representation in the Mosaic law or in the Koran as this writer intimates. To lift Israel out of the deep idolatry into which they had sunken while in Egyptian bondage was no small task. Educated by these appeals of the prevalent Egyptian art (this art being almost exclusively religious) to a thorough familiarity with Polytheism, it seemed to require special interpositions to bring the people back again to a knowledge of the "unity" of God. Yet the command of God, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," is certainly not to be understood in its literal sense. The reason and interpretation are to be found in the context, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them." It is the prohibition of idolatry, not of art. The dangers incident to their condition were such as to need this special warning. Nevertheless, on even the ark of the covenant were engraven figures of cherubim, and in the temple of Solomon these forms were of colossal proportions and were multiplied upon the walls of this building. There seemed, however, but little attention to the laws of harmony and proportion among the Semitic peoples. From the descriptions of these sculptured figures in the temple of Solomon, we judge that they must have been even grotesque, violating all laws of the symmetry of the human figure. But this is to be attributed not to the effect of the commandment against idolatry, but rather to the peculiar genius of the Semitic mind. This has been traced by writers on Jewish poetry. The remarkable qualities of this poetry have been the subject of very frequent comment; their almost perfect antithesis to the spirit of the Greek poetry making these of two entirely different types, and this very quality entirely unfitting the Jewish mind for any high achievements in plastic art. The perfect familiarity of the

Semitic mind with the varying aspects of nature, its sympathy with all that is grand or beautiful, from the wild tornado to the gentlest zephyr, from the plague walking in darkness and the destruction wasting at noonday to the heavens dropping fatness, from the earthquake and the whirlwind to the beautiful pastoral scenes where Israel is led by her Shepherd like a flock, from the awful effects of God's wrath, through pestilence, famine, and captivity, to the "like as a father pitieth his children," was never exceeded even by the Greek mind. This grand prerequisite to excellence in plastic art might awaken expectations of superiority in Semitic sculpture and painting, until another element is examined. This may be termed the spirit of restlessness and non-repose. In the Jewish poetry there is a frequent change of metaphor, a feverish activity, flying from object to object with the rapidity of lightning, often sweeping on the reader from point to point with the impetuosity of a tornado.

Schnaase has well expressed this truth: "We discover the same restlessness, the same wealth of metaphor not simply in the case of threatenings and upbraidings, but also in respect of promises, and in passages of quiet description. We need only recall those songs of praise or meditations on God's works in nature contained in the Psalms, in the Book of Job, or in the writings of the prophets. How the glance sweeps here and there, and illuminates as with a flash now this object, now that, heaven and earth, land and sea, the mountains with the wild beasts of the forest, the plain with its fruitfulness, its flowers and human habitations. Quick from the darkness stands out each object sharp and clear, but just as quickly it sinks back again to darkness, because another fills the vision. The law of antithesis every-where asserts itself. The light falls upon an object, by it is reflected back according to the peculiarity of its form to another, and from this on still to a third. So in the narrower circles, and from these again to a higher and yet higher, even to the loftiest antithesis of the beaming heavens and the night-enveloped earth, of the creatures of a day and the Creator from everlasting to everlasting. Nothing can withstand this onward movement; nothing is fixed; the earth moves at the presence of the Lord of hosts; the deep flees be-

fore him; Jordan turns itself back; the mountains skip like rams, the hills like lambs; the mountains rush to the sea; the rocks to the fountains of water. In such a mighty quaking of the great powers of nature, how can man remain? He is the flower of the field which fades ere evening; a shadow which fleeth and abideth not; a dream when one awaketh; dust driven before the wind; the nations only the lightest instruments in his hand to accomplish the judgments of the Almighty; he spins them hither and thither in a circle as a top upon a polished floor; they are in his hands, hammer and anvil; a rod of chastisement; a cup of drunkenness. No single thing continues in its condition and stands out in its full corporeity and completeness, but is scattered over some vast picture in a unity where only the antithesis between the mighty God and the fading earth is ever made fearfully apparent, only immediately to be again dissolved. Thus, by this want of independence of the individual, whether of men or nations, the contemplation regards less the subjective, the soul of things, than their relation to others, their relative significance in a grand whole."

When, therefore, we consider that unity in time and place is an indispensable condition of sculpture and painting, it is evident that this spirit of Semitic poetry is wholly inconsistent with any high excellence in the formative arts. To this, rather than any formal statutory prohibition, must be attributed the low type of Jewish and Arabian sacred art, and its sparing use in the religious ritual of these peoples.

A NEW LIFE OF TITIAN.

AMONG the most important contributions to art-history which have lately appeared is the "Life of Titian," by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who have already placed the public under such strong obligations to gratitude by their "History of Painting in North Italy." These two large and well-illustrated volumes constitute the first worthy life of the great Venetian painter. Earlier "Lives" had appeared, but they had been so meager, or had been wrought out in such a spirit of partisanship as to give little just notion of Titian's life and works. This almost unoccupied field has been worthily explored by these diligent and judicious writers. Endowed with power of laborious research

rather than possessing a keen critical acumen, they are well prepared to write a capital biography. Evidently the darkest and most obscure corners have been explored. The correspondence of Titian has been carefully canvassed, and many things before little understood in the long and busy career of this greatest of the Venetian school have been placed in the clearest light.

In comparing this biography of Titian with that of one of the Florentine school—say the last biography of Michael Angelo—the reader is impressed with the fact that the artists of Florence and Rome had vastly more to do with the intellectual and spiritual life of their age than any of the Venetian painters. So deep is the significance of the Florentine art, and so intensely earnest are the workers, that their biography and their works constitute the best historical comment upon their times. The very innermost soul of the period finds expression in their works; we can know how men felt, we can enter into their more interior life. The art work was the necessary product of the spirit of the age. But in the Venetian art is noticed a much more easy gliding from theme to theme. The mental and spiritual throes giving life to the works of a Leonardo are almost entirely unknown to a Tintoretto, a Paul Veronese, or even a Titian. To execute a *picture* is the object which the latter school proposed. Grand creative power, a thorough mastery of the deeper, subtler elements of a subject, did not comport with the easier, shallower Venetian nature. Their art, therefore, was the graceful, the beautiful garment which covered their themes with a gorgeous wealth of coloring. It was unequaled in drawing, in coloring, in charming accessories; it lacked the earnestness and character of the Florentine and Roman schools. The whole life of Titian shows us that his were not the intellectual and moral qualities that could give to the world those grand works which have been prophecies of warning, or evangels of truth and mercy to all subsequent times. To a man who cared little for the great social and religious controversies which were rack- ing the thought of the grander men of his age, the loftiest flights of art would be impossible. To be a shrewd man of business, to support a luxurious home by his brush, and to successfully play the courtier with harsh, wicked, or

unreasoning clients,—these are not enough to prepare an artist to touch the deepest springs of human feeling, and to rule in the purest, holiest realm of the soul. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have made mistakes,—they have probably made some incorrect estimates of the excellencies and defects of Titian as a painter,—laying emphasis where it was not required; but as a whole they have executed their task most admirably, and made a most valuable study of an interesting period of art history.

LIBERAL EDUCATION FOR THE DECORATIVE ARTIST.

DR. CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, in his closing lecture on art schools before the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, made some capital suggestions on the necessity of a liberal education to those who would excel in the department of decorative art. "The one great fault of our mode of instruction (in drawing) consists in the fact that we do not educate the intellect to the same extent that we educate the hand, . . . a pupil having learned to draw whatever he sees is aided but little in forming any just conception of the nobleness of ornamental, or decorative, art. . . . Without scholarship no man can fully appreciate subtleties of refinement, or judge from the history of the past of the value of each particular phase or development of ornament. . . . Who can study Egyptian art from a scholastic point of view without learning more than he could gather by drawing a thousand ornaments from the palaces of the Pharaohs? Let us take a simple illustration. The Egyptians formed much of their ornament of the blue lotus flower and of the papyrus or paper plant, and these ornaments are worthy of all admiration simply as decorative forms. However, they meant much more to the Egyptian than this, but the hidden meaning can never be learned by simply drawing the flower. I would say, let the student learn to draw not merely shapes as shapes, but let him acquire at the same time power of drawing and instruction in the significance of what he draws. Give a youth a lotus to draw; let him draw the flower when expanded, the bud when closed and half open, the leaf and the fruit, and then let him copy the lotus flowers as drawn by the Egyptians on their mummy cases and their tombs. Let him understand that the Egyptian

did not seek simply to copy the flower in a picturesque or pictorial sense, but that they sought to found on the flower an ornament such as should accord with their rigid architecture, and be an expression of their special feelings and faith, and then explain to him the significance of the flower. The fertility of the Nile valley was chiefly due to the river annually overflowing its banks. In spreading over the land the water carried with it a quantity of rich alluvial earth which gave fecundity to the country on which it was deposited. When the water which had overspread the surrounding land had nearly subsided, the corn, which was to produce the harvest, was set by being cast upon the retiring waters,

through which it sank into the rich alluvial earth. The water being now well-nigh within the river banks, the first flower that sprang up was the lotus. This flower was to the Egyptians the harbinger of coming plenty, for it symbolized the springing forth of the corn. It was the first flower of Spring, or their primrose. The priesthood perceiving the interest with which the flower was viewed, and the watchfulness manifested for its appearance, taught that in it abode a god, and that it must be worshiped; and it was the acknowledgment that this flower was a fit and primary object of worship that caused it to be delineated on the mummy cases, sarcophagi, and sacred edifices of the Egyptians.

NATURE.

DUST AND DISEASE.—The researches of the most eminent physiologists, both in this country and in Europe, establish the certainty that the dangerous thing in a hospital is a dust,—an excessively fine, organic dust, which is almost omnipresent, which is in the air, the bedding, the hair, and the clothes of all occupants of the building. The particles of this dust are so minute, and have so low a specific gravity, that their rate of fall through the air when it is perfectly still, may not exceed two inches per hour. Some of these particles are living organisms, spores of fungi, bacteria, microzymes, of various kinds, some vegetable, others animal, in character. These living organisms when first produced and in a state of activity, are more or less gelatinous in consistence, and will adhere to any surface with which they come in contact. While in this condition they are not found in the air to any great extent, but exist in fluids, discharges, and moist places. When dry, at least on the surface, they lose their adhesiveness, and are easily detached and carried about by currents of air. To enable them to develop and multiply and produce their kind, which occurs sometimes with amazing rapidity, there is necessary the presence of moisture and of organic matter. These living organisms or microzymes may be divided into two classes. The first includes the ordinary forms which

are found every-where, and which are the efficient causes of mold and mildews, and of fermentation and putrefactions. Under ordinary circumstances we know that these are not dangerous. We can hardly draw a breath without inhaling them; we can not take food or water or milk without swallowing them. The second class of microzymes includes those which are not every-where present, but for the most part arise only in diseased men and animals, and appear to have the power of producing diseased action even in perfectly healthy tissues. These constitute what is called contagium, and are what we have in mind when we speak of the germ theory of disease. The vitality of these germs is destroyed by a dry heat of 240° Fahrenheit continued for three hours; and upon this fact is based the principle of the disinfecting ovens and stoves, which are coming more and more into use in Europe. Beside these microzymes we have also in a hospital ward other particles of organic matter, not living, derived from the surfaces of the skin and mucous membranes, and especially from the mouth and air passages during respiration. These particles are important as furnishing nutriment and means of development to the living organisms in the air. In a hospital ward, or sick-room properly managed, the object so far as purity of air is concerned should be as follows: First, to prevent the development of

any of the contagious germs by not admitting patients who are producing them; or, where this is impossible, by destroying their vitality while yet in the moist condition. This involves isolation, and the methodical use of antiseptics and disinfectants in connection with all excreta and discharges. The second object is the removal of all dust which has settled. This should be a real removal, and not a mere scattering of it from one place to allow it to settle elsewhere. If dust is removed with a damp cloth, this cloth becomes a dangerous thing of itself if not disposed of in an effectual way.

AN INTOXICATING TOAD-STOOL.—A recent traveler in the northern part of Kamtschatka was greatly astonished to see some Koraks shouting and reeling about in an advanced stage of intoxication. He was certain that there was not a drop of alcoholic liquor to be had, nor any thing from which it could be made. How these natives had succeeded in becoming so thoroughly and undeniably drunk was therefore a mystery. Upon inquiry he ascertained that they had been eating a species of the plant vulgarly known as toad-stool. There is a peculiar fungus of this class in Siberia, known to the natives as "muk-a-moor," and as it possesses active intoxicating properties, it is used as a stimulant by all the Siberian tribes. Taken in large quantities it is a violent narcotic poison, but in small doses it produces all the effects of alcoholic liquor. Its habitual use, however, completely shatters the nervous system, and its sale by Russian traders to the natives has consequently been made a penal offense by Russian law. In spite of all prohibition the trade is still secretly carried on; sometimes furs worth twenty dollars are given by a Korak to a Russian for one fungus. The Koraks would gather it for themselves, but it requires the shelter of timber for its growth, and this is not to be found on the barren steppes over which they wander.

VOICE IN FISHES.—If speech be but the means of communicating emotions or intentions to other beings, even invertebrate animals possess it. Insects, such as ants, carry out elaborately preconcerted undertakings. A beetle in rolling a ball of dung, which incloses its egg, allows it to slip into a hole from which it is unable to extricate it, thereupon

it flies away to return in a short time with a number of assistants. These creatures must therefore possess some means of communicating concerning their desires. It requires no long observation of our song birds to distinguish the different tones by which they warn their young of danger, or call them to feed, or by which they call each other to pair. Although we may be familiar with the lazy drum-fish of our sea-coast,—and some may have heard those grunting sounds that have given this species its common name,—the little fishes of our inland brooks, and more pretentious denizens of our rivers are looked upon as voiceless creatures; that if indeed they have ideas they must express them entirely by movements, not of one portion, but of their whole bodies. But Dr. Charles C. Abbott, after several years of patient study of the habits of our more common species, concludes that certain sounds made by these fishes are really vocal efforts, and that their utterance is for the purpose of expressing ideas to others of their kind; and, furthermore, that these sounds are closely connected with their breeding habits. Probably no one has failed to notice the brilliant colors of the restless red-fin, or the crimson fins of the silvery roach, that pale to dull yellow and lose all their glow when Summer has passed. But while with all our fishes there is at one time of the year a deepening of tint, this is in no wise comparable to the gorgeous hues nature has vouchsafed to a certain few. It was suggested that the bright colors of Spring, which are analogous to the breeding plumage of male birds, might possibly bear the same relationship to vocal sounds as the songs and plumage of birds bear to each other. With some exceptions our finest songsters are dull-colored birds. Have our plainer tinted fishes a compensation for this attraction of color in the ability to utter sounds? After several Summers spent in observing the breeding habits of these common fishes, Dr. Abbott has been able to separate the sixteen species which he studied into two groups, the voiceless and those having supposed vocal power. The first group, containing the yellow perch, the common sunfish, the red-tailed sunfish, the banded sunfish, the chub, the roach, the red-fin, the pike, and the bill-fish, are all more or less brilliantly colored, and in no case could he distinguish any trace of a voice. In the second

group he entered the dull or silvery species, all of which possess vocal power; they are the spineless perch, the mud-sunfish, the gizzard shad, the mullet, the lamprey, the cat-fish, and the eel. In studying these same fishes in another phase of their habits, it was observed that while all of the species enumerated are active throughout the day, it can not be questioned that some of them are far more active at night, and shun, if undisturbed, the glare of midday sunshine. These partially, if not strictly, nocturnal species are those considered as having the power to give out a truly vocal sound, and they are the less colored species.

THE SIBERIAN REINDEER.—It would be hard to find another animal which fills so important a place in the life of any body of men as the reindeer does in the life and domestic economy of the Siberian Korak. This useful animal, besides carrying his nomadic owner from place to place, furnishes him with clothing, food, and shelter. The antlers are made into implements of all sorts; the sinews are dried and pounded into thread; the bones are soaked in seal oil and burned for fuel; the entrails are cleaned, filled with tallow, and eaten; the blood, mixed with the half-digested contents of his stomach, is made into "manyalla," the staple dish of this people; the marrow and tongue are considered the greatest delicacies; the stiff, bristly skin of his legs is used to cover snow-shoes; and, finally, his whole body sacrificed to the Korak gods brings down upon his owners all the temporal and spiritual blessings which they need. It is a singular fact, however, that the Siberian natives, the only people, so far as it is known, who have ever domesticated the reindeer, except the Lapps, do not in any way use the animal's milk. Why so desirable an article of food should be neglected, when every other part of the deer's body is turned to account, can not be imagined.

PLANTS AND INSECTS.—Botanists have lately acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the many ways in which plants and insects mutually influence one another. The point of present interest is that of cross-fertilization of plants by the agency of insects. As this is done mainly by winged insects, it is an advantage to flowers to be visited by them; but creeping insects, though equally attracted by the honey, have no influence in cross fertiliza-

tion. They may fertilize from flower to flower, but not from plant to plant. Such insects as ants, for example, do harm, therefore, rather than good; they take the honey that would attract winged insects, but they do not fertilize. The use of honey in attracting insects was unknown to the earlier botanists, they all making false guesses as to its use. In order to keep off creeping insects from flowers there are contrivances which are of great interest. Some have a *chevaux-de-frise*, as an illustration *Knantia dipsacifolia* may be mentioned. In this case the retreat of the honey-laden insect is prevented by hairs pointing downward. The involucre of the centaurea, or star-thistle, is hairy, though there are no hairs on the stem or leaves. A singular case is the remarkable *Polygonum amphibium*, which grows on land and in water; those on the land are protected from creeping insects by sticky hairs on the stem, while those growing in the water, where creeping insects can not climb, have none. Another protection is the slipperiness of some parts, as in the pendulous flowers of snow-drops and cyclamen, where an insect trying to walk round into the flower falls off. It is not at first apparent what is the advantage to a plant for its flowers to open early and then close up about nine or ten o'clock. But it may give some clew to the explanation when it is recollected that bees are about early, and the ants, which are harmful, do not appear till the dew is off the grass.

THE LONGEST-LIVED PEOPLE.—According to the *Jewish Chronicle* the longest-lived people are the Jews. Among them, it remarks, hereditary disease is very rare; scrofula is scarcely to be found, their freedom from intermarriages preserving the initial purity of their blood. Their exemption from infection in such scourges as typhus, cholera, and the plague, has often been remarked, and is attributed to the scrupulousness with which the vast majority attend to the hygienic prescriptions of their ritual. The average length of life exceeds that of their Christian contemporaries by five years, a fact to be recommended to the notice of life insurance companies. In addition to the favoring conditions already mentioned, this may be in part due to their predilection for such trades and professions as are not dangerous.

RELIGIOUS.

"KRAAL PREACHING."—Four years ago a work was undertaken by female missionaries in the Kraals of South Africa similar to the Zenana Missions of India. At first great opposition was aroused. Men and boys made a hideous uproar, infants screamed, and the poor women themselves showed little interest in the services. But the missionaries continued, and after the novelty was over, the women were allowed to have their meetings to themselves. It was long before the seed seemed to germinate; but of late great interest has been shown. The Gospel truth is freely talked over after the meetings. One old woman who had asked many questions about the plan of salvation was laid suddenly upon a bed of death. She told her weeping friends that through the merits of the Son of the God of the Kraal preachers, she hoped to be saved; but she did not know enough about him to feel quite sure. She pathetically exhorted her sisters to pay more attention to their words. This has had great influence on all classes.

STATISTICAL ITEMS.—In 1809 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was about fifteen and three-quarter millions, of whom four and one-quarter millions were Roman Catholics, or twenty-seven per cent of the whole population. Now the population is nearly thirty-one and one-half millions, of whom more than five and one-half millions are Roman Catholics, or only eighteen per cent of the whole population. In other words while the Roman Catholics have increased at the rate of twenty-eight per cent, Protestants have increased at the rate of one hundred and twenty per cent. Protestantism has therefore been advancing nearly five times faster than Romanism since the beginning of the present century.—*Weekly Review*.

There are 5,292 Romish churches in the United States, with 5,297 priests. The Romish population is stated at 6,200,000.

The Moravians have four churches in Philadelphia, two in New York (one English, the other German), and one in Brooklyn. The largest number of communicants in one place is found in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania (1,200).

The total number of communicants in the American Province is 9,212, an increase for the year of not quite 300. This province is divided into a northern and a southern district.

THE "GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETINGS."—A series of religious temperance meetings held in Pittsburg during the last twelve months have resulted in an unprecedented reformation. The movement had its origin in a Young Men's Temperance Union, which was formed in March 1876. The number of members was at first small. Mr. Murphy, the temperance revivalist, was invited by the Union to come to Pittsburg, and held his first meeting in the opera house November 26th. "The success of the first meeting," says the Hon. Felix R. Brunot, in an open letter printed in the *New York Observer*, "was by no means marked; but a few well-known hard drinkers were induced to sign the pledge." Some of them men of education, and others from the lowest ranks of society, made a public profession of their reformation. Thirty churches have been opened to the temperance meetings, and have been filled by great crowds. The meetings are distinctively religious, and many of the reformed drunkards have professed faith in Christ, and connected themselves with the Church.

WESTERN AFRICA.—Bishop Haven's recent visit to Liberia and the adjacent coast, though short and hasty, was very beneficial to the interests of our Church there, and his letters and addresses have added much to our general knowledge of that land. The Bishop cherishes the highest hopes for the future of Africa. Civilization is making rapid strides into the interior. There is a steady demand on the part of the wealthier chieftains for superior goods of European manufacture. Some of them in their dress present a strange mixture of savage and civilized articles of costume. In many of the native huts may be found pieces of elegant household furniture, and even articles of *virtu*, in the midst of barbarian squalor. Fifty British merchantmen steam down the west coast every year, an average of one a week. They are thoroughly stocked with European goods of all sorts, and return

loaded down to the water-line with the produce of Africa. One of these vessels, anchored off an African trading-post, presents a strange appearance. Men of every shade, and of all degrees of dress and undress, clamber up its sides, and, according to their means and station, go at once to the stem or stern of the steamer. At one end is a huge store where all sorts of merchandise, boots and shoes, umbrellas, knives, and pistols, dress goods and provisions, with an endless *et cetera*, are disposed of at reasonable rates. At the other end similar goods are sold to the more pretentious at dearer rates. Purchases of small value are paid for in gold coin; larger quantities or more costly goods are exchanged for the produce of the country. This consists in part of ivory, gold-dust, cam-wood,—a brilliant dye, second only to the cochineal in beauty and costliness,—and many rare tropical fruits, flowers, beasts, and birds. The ships pass from one trading-post to another, until they have disposed of their entire stock, and then return to England. The trade of the coast is now almost entirely in the hands of the English, and if no rival soon appears, they will soon add the whole of Africa—with possibly the exception of Egypt and the Mediterranean coast—to her imperial domain. Bishop Haven, with others, favors the possession of Liberia as a "territory" of the United States. But, whatever may be the political outcome, the "signs of the times" all point to the speedy Christianization of the entire African continent. In the present thirst for European knowledge and aping of European manners, "Ethiopia stretches out her hands unto God."

MISSIONARY NOTES.—The Presbyterian Church has in foreign lands a total of 893 missionaries and helpers, 8,567 communicants, and 13,501 scholars.

On Teste Island, near Moresby, in China Straits, two sailors were left a few years ago by a passing vessel. Living among the savage natives, they acquired a little of their language; they talked with them about the missionaries, read the Bible on Sundays, and expounded it to the best of their ability, and vowed that if the Lord restored them to their native land they would urge the establishment of a Christian mission in China Straits. At last a vessel appeared and they were brought

home. They have remembered their vow, and steps are now being taken by the officers of the London Foreign Missionary Society to send the Gospel to that benighted region.

Thirty Protestant missionaries now labor in Japan. All but two are Americans. The Presbyterian, Reformed (Dutch), Congregational, Episcopal, English, Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal Churches are represented.

The famine in India, according to the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, who writes from Arcot, daily becomes worse. The British Government is making great efforts to relieve the people by means of relief works and relief camps.

The India and North India Methodist Episcopal Conferences have now 3,634 members and probationers. In 1864 the whole number of communicants was 209. There are now 169 Sunday-schools, in which instruction is given to 8,190 scholars.

The statistics of the Liberia Conference show 1,750 American Liberians in full membership and 200 on probation, and 450 native African members and 44 probationers.

The American missionaries in Persia have sent an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury calling his attention to the shameful treatment of some of their native assistants by Mar Shimoom, the Nestorian Patriarch of Persia. That ecclesiastic, having placed himself under the care of the archbishop, declares that no other missionaries than those of the Church of England are to address his people. The missionaries state that they have labored among the Nestorians since 1835, at an annual expense to their supporters of \$25,000. They have translated the Bible into the vernacular, which was until then a spoken language only, organized schools in nearly all of the Nestorian villages, and founded a hospital. They ask the archbishop to consider whether another mission is expedient, and request from him a letter to Mar Shimoom.

The first evangelical Church in Turkey was founded in Constantinople in 1846. There are now seventy-six in the Turkish Empire, about one-third of which are self-supporting and self-governing. Four "Evangelical Unions" have been formed for mutual counsel and aid. These Churches report 3,303 members, 13,000 regular attendants on public worship, and a native Protestant population of over 18,000.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.—Xenophon, somewhere in his "Memorabilia of Socrates," mentions the prayer which the great philosopher taught his disciple Alcibiades,—a prayer which deserves a place in the devotions of every Christian. "That he should beseech the Supreme God to give him what was good for him, though he should not ask it, and to withhold from him what would be hurtful, though he should be so foolish as to pray for it." It is the same in substance as the prayer offered by Jabez, and concerning which, we are told by the sacred historian, God granted him that which he requested: "O that thou wouldst bless me indeed, . . . and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil." Agur, also, repeats the prayer: "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me;" and the model of all prayers does not disdain to borrow the sentiment and almost the words of the heathen philosopher as well as of the Hebrew princes: "Deliver us from evil." A poetic version of it appears in our Hymn-book (number 633), by James Merrick:

"Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny."

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.—Whether the Alexandrian Library contained 54,000 volumes or 408,000, it is tolerably certain that this immense collection made by the Ptolemies was not, as is commonly supposed, destroyed by the Arabs in the seventh century, but became a prey to the flames when Julius Cæsar, who was besieged in that part of Alexandria in which the museum stood, ordered the fleet to be set on fire. One story has it that the books were ordered to be distributed in the various baths at Alexandria, to be burnt in the stoves, and that they lasted six months; but it would have puzzled the Egyptians to heat baths with parchment. The historian Gibbon doubts both the story and the inference,—that the library was so burned, and that it contained treasures whose loss is irreparable or whose preservation would have been a ben-

efit to the literary world. Another fiction is that at the taking of Babylon, the books were thrown into the river Euphrates, and the number was so great that they formed a bridge over which foot passengers and horsemen went across!

THE RUSSIAN "FAREWELL."—In the Russian language the verb "to forgive" is the same as "to bid farewell." The word *prastchaitse* may be translated with equal correctness, "good-bye," or "pardon me." This idiom is very ancient, and is said to have originated soon after the Russians embraced Christianity. The more religious used then to separate themselves during Lent, and retire to caves or huts. Before setting out they used to take formal leave of their friends and neighbors, and ask pardon of them for any offense they might have given. Thus one phrase afterwards came to express both ideas. Would it not be well for other Christians to act upon this pious suggestion, and before they take leave of those whom they may never meet again, to make sure of their forgiveness and God's also? The Russian reply to this adieu is never "I forgive you," but always "God will forgive you."

ANTIQUITY OF THE IRISH HARP.—Long before the lyre was known in Rome or Greece, the Gael of Ireland had attained a high degree of perfection in the form and management of the Irish harp. The Irish harper made use of two kinds of instruments—the cruit and clairsach. The latter is supposed to have been employed in producing martial strains, and used in banquet-halls; the former thrilled from its chords the softest breathings of love and sorrow. The pagan Gael would listen to no instruction of Druid and Ollav (priest and professor) that was not wedded to verse; and even when the Christian dispensation had supplanted Druidism, they continued to be in equal repute. In rank, the minstrels were the coequals of the nobles, and at the festive boards to them were assigned seats of the highest honor; extensive land estates were settled upon them; many of them as late as the seventeenth century occupied stately castles. The legal records of that period show that the annual rental of one of

this class was equivalent to £5,000 of our present money. Their persons and properties were held inviolable by all classes; the *eric*, or compensation, levied under the *brehon-law*, for the killing of a chief professor, was next in amount to that exacted for a prince or a king.

ORIGIN OF THE TUNE OLD HUNDRED.—Old Hundred, a tune which will endure as long as there are Christian hearts to ascribe praise to Him "from whom all blessings flow," is compiled from four old Gregorian chants, probably by Franc, who furnished the music for the Geneva Psalms, published in 1564. It was known originally as the One Hundreth Psalm in that collection. Hence its present title.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.—Petrarch was a great poet and a great politician, but he was not altogether the Platonic lover some have represented him to be. With regard to Laura, all is doubt, obscurity, and hypothesis. All traces left of her were so faint, even in the century which she lived, that doubts are entertained of her existence. Baldellie, a very partial commentator on Petrarch is obliged to confess that the poet was by no means faithful to his divinity; but that another, whom he loved after a less ideal fashion, presented him with a daughter, who afterward became the consolation of his old age. Laura has made far more noise in the world during the past four or five centuries than she ever did in her own time. But whether or not she had an existence in the flesh, she was the lady of Petrarch's thoughts; and like the other minstrels of the poet's age, he devoted, under Laura's name, his sonnets to this imagined mistress.

"BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS."—Almost every body knows that citizens of Delaware are often called in cant term "Blue Hen's Chickens," but there are few persons perhaps who are aware of the origin of the phrase. A certain Captain Caldwell, who was an officer of the First Delaware Regiment in the war of the Revolution, was greatly distinguished for his daring and undaunted spirit. He was exceedingly popular in the regiment, and its high state of discipline was generally conceded to be due to his exertions. Caldwell was extremely fond of cock-fighting, and he kept a large number of game fowls for the purpose. When the officers of the regiment were sent upon recruiting service to enlist new men in order to fill vacancies

caused by death or otherwise, it was a saying that they had gone home for more of Caldwell's game cocks. Caldwell had a theory that no cock could be truly game unless the mother was a blue hen, and so the name "Blue Hen's Chickens" was at last given to the regiment, and finally to the people of the State of Delaware.

THE CURFEW.—The *curfew* is a vulgar corruption of *couvre feu*—that is, French for "cover the fire." It is more than doubtful whether William the Conqueror introduced the curfew into England. It is certain that the practice prevailed in most other countries of Europe; and there are incidental allusions by old writers, which seem to intimate that it was well known in England before the Norman invasion. The object of the curfew was not to degrade and humiliate a vanquished people, but to preserve life and property from destruction by fire. The rule that fires and candles should be extinguished at an early hour, was no more arbitrary than the same rule aboard ship, when we consider the condition of society as it then was. The houses were chiefly built of wood, and were far more combustible than they are now; the accidental outbreak of a fire often ended in the destruction of half a city and the loss of many lives. There were no engines to put out the fire—no water supply to be at once obtained—no fire escapes to rescue endangered lives—no fire offices to make good the losses. The curfew was simply a useful police regulation, and if it was sometimes barbarously enforced, it was merely characteristic of the barbarity of the times. No doubt Norman William was rapacious, tyrannical, and arbitrary, but no censure can attach to him on account of the curfew. The custom was, in all probability, practiced before his time, and it was certainly continued for six hundred years afterward. Even now, in many places, the ringing of a bell is still continued at the appointed hour, when

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

The custom of ringing the public bell at nine o'clock every night long survived in New England villages, as well as elsewhere; but on the introduction of town-clocks, and the general use of timekeepers, the necessity for this practice no longer continued, and it has gradually ceased.

LITERATURE.

To the Christian scholar no more pleasant or profitable occupation can be thought of than the quiet contemplation of the life and character of some one of those great men of God to whom the Holy Scriptures introduce us. The method almost exclusively pursued, till within a comparatively recent period, of making these as unreal as possible, and surrounding them with a mist and glamour of inscrutable sanctity, was alike unjust to them and unprofitable to the contemplant. More recently quite the opposite course has been pursued, and our critical scholars have ventured to deal with the most venerable Biblical scholars, not only with the utmost freedom, but often with a kind of criticism that borders very closely upon captiousness. But this censure does not apply to all, nor indeed to most of our modern writers on sacred biography, to whom we are indebted for clearer and more correct notions respecting those whose careers and characters are given in sacred history. Among the over-numerous "Lives" of Christ, produced in our day,—while it must be confessed that there is in some of them no lack of twaddle, mingled with pretense, and spiced with semi-profanity,—may also be found such well and truly depicted portraits of the "Man of Sorrows," as only careful and protracted study, aided by a lively imagination, and a devout sympathy with the subject, could make out from the topical records of the Evangelists. Dean Stanley has rendered a somewhat similar service for the heroes of the Old Testament,—though his almost absolute disregard for the traditional methods of viewing them, and his wonderful power in setting his subjects in a totally uncolored light, makes one almost shudder to follow him as he draws aside the veil of legendary sanctity, and brings out of their hiding places the idols that our fancies have formed and our superstition worshiped. And how admirable are his Abraham, his Moses, or his David,—and how real and human also.

Among New Testament characters,—after the solitary and incomparable One, the first place has very justly been assigned to St. Paul, and the treatment of his history, with its won-

derful facts and results, by Conybeare and Howson, has left nothing more to be desired in that matter. And now we have, just issued, a somewhat similar work done for St. John.* The latter work very naturally suggests comparison with the former, both of likeness and dissimilarity,—to which the name of Dean Howson upon its title-page will contribute. Indeed, though in no slavish or objectionable sense, this may be said to have been written somewhat in imitation of that; and in the fact that the latter is in its plan and methods like the former is its chief praise. And yet the differences of the two subjects are scarcely less remarkable and note-worthy than their agreements. Paul's life was eminently heroic, both as a preacher and a writer, while John was characteristically subjective and solitary. The popular notion that Paul was a stern man, and John especially gentle and loving, is scarcely sustained by the facts of their histories; but that the "Beloved Disciple," in spirit as well as bodily, leaned upon the Master's breast is very manifest. Our space forbids further criticism, in which truth and justice would compel us to speak in terms of very decided praise. It is a book that must find a large circulation, and a wide reading.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON'S "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America" is an invaluable contribution to American history, including not only political and military affairs to which most histories are almost exclusively devoted, but also those relating to matters economical, social, and moral. The department of affairs covered by this work, though locally American, belongs to the age and to nearly all nations,—a record of man's rapacity, cowardice, and the base inhumanity of the strong joining hands to spoil the weak and to oppress the poor in what alone remained to them,—their power to labor and to suffer. More than a hundred years ago John Wesley

*THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ST. JOHN. By James M. Macdonald, D. D., Princeton, New Jersey; edited with an Introduction by the Very Reverend J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo. Pp. 436.

wrote the oft-repeated sentence that styled the slave-trade "the sum of all villainies," and of slavery in the West Indies as "the vilest that ever saw the sun;" but it remained for Christian and Republican America in the nineteenth century to refine upon this quintessence of iniquity as never before, till at last in the height of its pride, like Lucifer, it was hurled from its high place *by the hand of God*. Mr. Wilson's great work, of which the third and concluding volume has lately appeared,* is a most comprehensive storehouse of facts covering this whole subject from its beginnings with the early settlement of the country down to the settlement and adoption of the plan of reconstruction of "the States lately in rebellion." As the author's death occurred before the work was completed it was feared that it would have to continue only a fragment, or be supplemented by another, in which case the parts might not be entirely in harmony. But the public is to be congratulated in view of the advanced stage to which this last volume had been brought under the hands of the lamented author, by whom, the publishers say "most of the chapters had been written and the materials gathered for the remainder," and that the completion of the work was intrusted to Rev. Samuel Hunt, "who had been associated with Mr. Wilson from the inception of this work, and who carried the previous volumes through the press." It seldom happens that a great work like this left thus incomplete has suffered so little by the decease of the author; for after examining this volume we scarcely need the publisher's note to assure us that "by long and intimate connection with Mr. Wilson, and by thorough acquaintance and sympathy with his ideas and purposes, Mr. Hunt had peculiar qualifications for finishing this history." As completed the work will hold its high place among the very best of original sources of American history, a record of shame but partially atoned for, and closing with the great drama of the slave power still incomplete.

In the May number of the NATIONAL we gave, from the pen of one of our most gifted writers, a sketch of Harriet Martineau, with a

critique on her writings and an estimate of her character. As that article was written before the publication of her autobiography,—as the reader must have noticed,—the portrait of herself drawn by her own hand could not then be made available. That work is at length issued,* and we have in it something like a panorama of the whole life-course of that remarkable woman, in a continuous line of photographs of events as they occurred in her fifty years of active life, set off with the colored lights of her own sentiments and opinions. The average reader who has kept way with the subject during even only the latter half of these years, will not find his notions respecting the character and opinions of Miss Martineau very far out of the way, though his estimate of the intensity of her convictions and the forcefulness of her utterances will probably be greatly heightened. She was at all times the advocate of the people and the asserter of the natural rights of all men, and women too; but she was never a destructive Communist, Chartist, or Radical. In the early days of the antislavery struggle she visited this country, remaining nearly two years, and with characteristic loyalty to her convictions, she freely expressed her sympathy with the abolitionists, when to do so was sure to be visited with violent partisan opposition and social ostracism. When our war of the Rebellion came on, her feelings were all against slavery, and about as decidedly against our government; and when toward its close, it having become quite certain that the government would triumph and the nation be preserved, the attitude of the two great countries, ours and Great Britain, toward each other occasioned her no little anxiety, and her complainings against American radicalism, especially as represented by Mr. Sumner, are loud and bitter. But in all these her love of justice, and her kindly regards for the helpless and oppressed, are especially conspicuous. Religiously and theologically the Christian believer will find very little in her history upon which he can dwell with much pleasure. She began life a Unitarian, but of the humanitarian school of that faith, or *unfaith* rather, in which she was

*HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA. By Henry Wilson. Volume III. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 8vo. Pp. 774.

*HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited by Maria Weston Chapman. Two Volumes. 8vo. Pp. 594 and 596. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

most thoroughly educated. Her theism, including a decided and practical belief in the Divine Being and providence, and also holding with this a form of doctrine of grace is patent in nearly all her writings. But growing years darkened rather than illuminated her faith, and her later expressions seem not to rise above the earth nor look into the future life. Like the old man in Cole's picture of old age she seemed, as she neared boundaries of being, to turn her face wholly to the past and to look only downwards. So far as her own individuality was concerned she seemed to be closing her earthly life entirely without hope, perhaps also without fear, contemplating for herself a not improbable extinction of being.

COMMANDER CAMERON's expedition "across Africa" was among the most successful and the most fruitful of results of the many that have within the last decade been made into the interior of that vast and hitherto unexplored continent. His written account of that expedition has been for some time before the public in an English edition, and now at length we are favored with an American reprint,* executed in a style of more than elegance. It is a record of a three years' (1873-6) journey in the "heart of Africa," and extending from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast, by way of Ugogo, Unyanyembe, and Ujiji, and thence still south-westward crossing the Equator and finally coming to the Atlantic Ocean, at Benguela, between the twelfth and thirteenth parallel of south latitude. As a traveler among a savage people he excelled in the qualities of courage and discretion, united with almost infinite patience and powers of endurance; and as an explorer he seemed equally gifted with a quick observation and the necessary discrimination by which to distinguish the real from the merely apparent; while, as the chronicler of his own observation, he seems to possess the best qualities of a narrator of adventures. The book is superbly illustrated, and its make-up is all that could be desired. An original map (detached) of the route is given with the book.

THOUGH many names may have filled a larger place in the English and American literature

* ACROSS AFRICA. By Virney Lovett Cameron, C. B., D. C. L., Commander Royal Navy. With numerous illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 508.

of the generation now growing old, very few have been regarded with a more sincere favor than Charles Kingsley. His range of subjects, from novels to sermons, may seem to be a wide one, and yet, in whatever he wrote, he preserved his own identity, and usually displayed very nearly the same mental and moral traits. Beginning his career as a "Broad" Church man (theologically, we mean, for of his ecclesiastical views we know nothing, except that he kept them well in the background, a disciple of Maurice, whom he followed for a time, almost slavishly), with advancing years he evidently drew back again toward the traditional teachings of his Church, and to a common-sense interpretation of the Bible. Bating somewhat our criticism of his continued use of the dialectic terms of his theological school, his later utterances seem to us to show a refreshing religiousness of spirit, and so far Scriptural in its form as to challenge for it the approval of the wise and good.

His memoirs, prepared by the hand of his widow, whose competency for the work is abundantly attested by the performance, as first published, made two large octavos; but, by a process of judicious omissions, they are here brought within a single volume,* with very little loss of valuable matter, and with great gain to the reader, in the relief afforded, from unnecessary labor. Some small additions have also been made illustrating certain interesting points in his domestic relations and home-life, which could be better supplied by another than one so closely related to him. Altogether, this fine volume is a decidedly valuable contribution to the biographical and literary history of the immediate past.

THE fashion of getting up series of very small books on great subjects has reached the great publishing house on Franklin Square, and the first number of "Harper's Half-Hour Series" † is in hand, telling of "The Turks in Europe." It is written with ability, and, though necessarily brief, its presentation of its subject is clear and comprehensive.

* CHARLES KINGSLEY: His Letters and Memoirs of his Life. Edited by his wife. Abridged edition, with steel portrait and illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 504. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

† THE TURKS IN EUROPE. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 24mo. Pp. 98. Paper.

EX CATHEDRA.

WRITING FOR THE MAGAZINES.

IN *Scribner's Monthly* for April, "Topics for the Time," appeared a somewhat extended article, made up of remarks on writers and writing for the magazines, which needed not its place in that particular department to make the reader sure that it was of editorial origin. We have in our own short experience in the same sort of work been brought to a realizing sense of the truth and fitness of the remarks there found; and, having suffered in the same way, we truly sympathize with our editorial confrère in his sympathy for the many would-be writers for the press, as well as in the perplexities inseparable from the chair editorial,—the "seat" from which we now discourse. We had even contemplated writing somewhat in the same vein to our own correspondents, and but for lack of space we should be tempted to reproduce the entire article in our own columns. We will, however, endeavor to present a few of the chief points:

1. Periodicals are published for the benefit of their readers, who pay for what they get, and out of which payments the periodicals are financially sustained. Editors and publishers must, therefore, ask themselves how they may answer to the obligations that are upon them, to render to their readers the just equivalent for their money. To this may be added that the editor and publisher may desire to produce first-class work, as judged by the prevailing tastes of the parties concerned, and in order to this, only the best matter must be used, and the selection must be made without respect to any personal or relative claims of the writers. And since there must be some final arbiter in all cases to decide upon the relative merits and adaptedness of the matter in hand, and since the editor is and must be that arbiter, his decisions must be accepted as final.

2. The supply of matter seeking admittance to the magazines is many times (ten or twenty) greater than can possibly be used, and, therefore, most that is written must fail to be accepted. Only the best in such a rivalry can hope for success, and of the really good a large share must be declined for a variety of causes quite apart from their merits.

3. Writing for the magazines has come to be a profession, employing a very considerable number of trained experts. It also has something of the character of a high art, which requires first of all special natural qualifications, which must also be disciplined and perfected by long years of practice, and the best kinds of study and instruction. Occasionally a rare genius appears, who by his or her own special aptitudes and force of character achieves success in spite of great disadvantages. But such cases are quite exceptional and of very rare occurrence, and even among these there would be very few cases of permanent success, were not natural genius seconded by a vast deal of hard and persistent labor and study for self-improvement. Among professional artists,—painters, sculptors, and musicians,—only a few become celebrities, while most only attain to respectable mediocrity. And in like manner among writers, only a few among those who attain to respectability ever become celebrated. And because of the superabundance of aspirants in that field of labor, the supply of their productions will always very much exceed the demand. As a means of support, therefore, except to the exceptional few, writing for the press must always be an uncertain and an inadequately paid means of subsistence. The popular notion of a Grub-streeter, and of his lineal descendant, the Bohemian, is not without its foundation in facts. Let no one who has the ability to earn his bread by some honest handicraft think of becoming a writer for a livelihood, till practice has wrought in him fitness, and success already achieved has demonstrated that future success is not problematical.

4. Writing poetry seems to be an almost universal impulse. Of those who shall read these words, probably nearly nine-tenths have, at some time essayed the work of verse-making. It is a harmless diversion, and may be useful as an exercise in the use of language, but it becomes dangerous when the matter produced is mistaken for poetry, and the fancy is entertained that the great world should see and applaud it. If nine-tenths of the prose articles that are written and offered for publication are

necessarily doomed to perish short of printer's ink, the proportion of poetry (so called) destined to the same experience must be increased tenfold; and what is strangest of all, people of good common sense in other things, and some that are fair prose writers, will write the most absolutely unpoetical of verses, and think them fit for publication. Of the vast mass of that class of matter which comes to our hands in almost daily consignments only the smallest percentage ever sees the light; and of the little that we do print, a not inconsiderable share had better gone with the multitude.

In venturing a word of remonstrance or suggestion, we prefer to let our contemporary speak for us,—which he does in this wise:

"After all, the mistake of the novice begins in his incompetent idea of literature. No man thinks of putting his first picture in the exhibition; but the moment a man begins to write, he wants to print, forgetting that there is no art that demands more study and practice than the literary, and that he has had no special training for it. Without experience in life, without training in art, and with only a natural facility for expression [sometimes, but not always], he has a fancy that if he could only get a publisher he could succeed at once. Our painters, our sculptors, our singers, our architects, are obliged to go through long courses of instruction and practice; but our essayists, our poets, our novelists, seem to think that they must fly when they tumble from their nests, or it is all up—or down—with them."

But after all, editors, publishers, and readers of magazines are under great and lasting obligations to that very class of writers whom this kind of criticism will most tend to discourage. It is always the case when adverse criticism is uttered publicly, that while those for whom it was especially designed will not heed it, another class who need to be encouraged, will take the alarm, and cease to make further attempts. Writing for the press, like *extempore* oratory, is learned by practice, and usually succeeds, if at all, only after a succession of failures.

We trust, therefore, that our correspondents will continue to send us their contributions, and we will continue to read them,—personally or by proxy,—and out of the abundance received we will make up our monthly issues,—which will be all the more valuable because of the wide range out of which the selection is made. We shall of course carefully

study the advantages of our readers; and he or she who shall send us what seems adapted to their tastes or wants will be most likely to see their pieces in print. We would not have fewer manuscripts sent to us; but it is only proper that we should notify all concerned that their chance for acceptance and publication is not the most assuring. But our friends must bear with us, and allow us time to consider and decide upon their productions. We have two places in our office into one or the other of which all examined articles are placed, which might be named, in theological terminology, "Paradise" and "Gehenna;" but before reaching these there is an "Intermediate state," in which some pieces find a rather protracted repose. But for them the day of judgment will come in due time, unless they shall before that day be recalled by their authors.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

AT this writing the new administration of the national government has been some six weeks in operation; and notwithstanding the threatenings and forebodings that preceded and accompanied its advent, seldom has a new administration entered upon its career more quietly or with apparently less of factious opposition from any source or party. This is no doubt owing in part to the fact that the whole force of the opposition had exhausted itself in its efforts to prevent the declaration of the election of Mr. Hayes, in doing which the opposition party became divided in its own members, and the better part thoroughly disgusted and alarmed by the factious and revolutionary methods adopted by the more reckless ones. And accordingly, when the end was at length reached, and further opposition was seen to be hopeless, all parties from mere exhaustion gladly accepted the quiet that was offered.

On the other hand the successful party seemed to be in doubt in respect to the nature of the victory that had been won, or whether it was a victory at all. The candidate of one of the great parties had indeed been inaugurated President of the United States, but whether the successful or the defeated party had the larger interest in the new chief magistrate seemed at least an open question. The new Cabinet may be a unit, and quite homogeneous, but if so it certainly is not the homogeneity of the Republican party of the last

twenty years. It is certainly desirable that the President of the United States should have at his side, in the two houses of Congress, an organized and reorganized party, else his administration will necessarily be weak, and its actions unsatisfactory. It is equally desirable that behind both the President and Congress there should be a well consolidated popular party bound together by a pervading unity of ideas and convictions. Perhaps President Hayes will find this desirable state of things; but if so, it is quite possible that his party will not be identical with that of his last two predecessors.

Mr. Hayes became President of the United States because in the final counting the votes of all the three doubtful Southern States, South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, were given to him. And in this decision the law-abiding people of the country, of all parties, very generally acquiesced, for two reasons: First, because, according to the forms of law, they belong to him; and, second, because there was a prevailing conviction that whatever may be the facts in respect to the number of votes given, a majority of the legal-voters of each of these States, if left free to express their own wishes, would have voted for him who has been declared elected. But in each of these States, at the same time, elections were held for governor, and other State officers, and certain persons were declared elected, of the same party with the new President, and in two of these States the men so chosen have been inducted into office; and, since Congress and the "Commission" practically declared that they had no power to go behind the returns made by the proper State officers, in counting the votes for President, there are those to whom it would seem that the same scrupulous regard for State rights ought to prevail in respect to the election of State officers. A government *de facto* is sacred until it is formally declared that it is not a government *de jure*; and in all dealings with a State so governed, the United States Government must recognize its validity for the time being, whether in comity in time of public quiet, or for succor and defense when

threatened with insurrection or invasion which the State itself can not overcome.

Our "seat" is not the place in which to discuss questions of party politics; but as we are blessed with some sense of the ludicrous and the absurd, we call up the last of the "fables," with its dim wood-cut, in Webster's Spelling-book, about the farmer and the lawyer, and of the unlucky bull owned by one of them that gored the ox of the other; in which case it seemed that the astute man of the law appeared to think that it would make a very great difference whether the bull or the ox belonged to him. The Republican votes of South Carolina and Louisiana are good enough to elect a President, but in respect to governors the case would seem to be quite different, or, at least, it must be inquired into. Having got into the way of fables, our thoughts wandered away to our Æsop, and somehow, perhaps very arbitrarily, we thought of this one, which we give, with a picture to match:



THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

The wolves and the sheep once made a treaty of peace. The sheep were to give up their dogs, as no longer needed, since there was to be no more war between the high contracting parties. But no sooner were their protectors taken away than the wolves fell upon and devoured the silly and defenseless sheep.

Now will any body say that the parties represented by these wolves and sheep and dogs, might have been found at the capital of one of our Southern States, not very long ago, and that a treaty not unlike that given in the fable was made by somebody?

